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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. III. MARCH, 1896. No. 1.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Perhaps it is not generally known—certainly it cannot be known to the writer of an article in the January *Blackwood*, a rival novelist, by the way—that Mr. Thomas Hardy endeavoured to withdraw his novel of *Jude the Obscure* from *Harper's Magazine*, actually requesting that firm of publishers to cancel the contract. But it was found to be impracticable to do this.

❀

The source of the smart *jeu de mots*, "The Amazing Hardy" and "Meredith the Obscure," has been curiously cited, as if it were a creditable discovery, by some of our contemporaries with a solemn knowingness, which is rather amusing when he who reads may find it in the February number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, under Mr. Zangwill's causerie, "Without Prejudice." The accompanying sketch, however, from the same column, excels Mr. Zangwill's pungent and acrid wit. It is intended as an illustration of the following comment on *Jude the Obscure* as it appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. "Now that I have read *Jude the Obscure*," says the literary wag, "I am all agog to read the Harper's version. It should be the greatest 'curiosity of literature' extant. How this book could be Bowdlerised and made acceptable to the American mind passes my comprehension. . . . To cut out the 'improper passages' and leave the story still coherent seems as difficult as to cut the pound of flesh from Antonio without spilling a drop of blood."

❀

When we remember all the bitterness of Mr. Hardy's pessimism, his keen, remorseless sense of the ironies of life, the passionate insurgence of his heart against Nature's injustice, and the revolt of his soul against this sad, mad world, which seem to have reached a climax in this last work of his, we think irresistibly of a certain passage in Stephen Crane's *Lines*, which might serve

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

some purpose if pinned to the title-page of *Jude the Obscure*:

"In the desert
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
Who, squatting upon the ground,
Held his heart in his hands,
And ate of it.
I said, 'Is it good, friend?'
'It is bitter—bitter,' he answered:
'But I like it
Because it is bitter,
And because it is my heart.'"

❀

Mrs. Oliphant's scathing review of *Jude the Obscure* in the *Blackwood Magazine* having been so widely copied and commented upon, it is singular that no notice has been taken of the mistake contained in the following paragraph:

"There are children, as a matter of course; a weird little imp, the son of Arabella, and two babies of Susan's. In a moment of dreadful

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poverty and depression, Susan informs her stepson, whom she loves and is very kind to, of the severe straits in which she is. The result is that when she comes in after a short absence she discovers the children, all hanged, and swinging from the clothes pegs; the elder boy having first hanged, them and then himself to relieve the parents' hands."

The error is only a small one, as the maidservant pleaded in *Midshipman Easy;* but it must have amused Mr. Hardy, and is of interest to the general reader as showing the superficial manner in which the severest critics sometimes read the books they condemn.

❀

Mention of Mrs. Oliphant's name brings a sad regret with it that she has failed to hold the large reading public which was once hers to inform and delight as few authors have done. A new generation has sprung up which knows her not. Yet in point of style, and thought, and feeling, and versatility, she stands among the very foremost. Her early book, *Margaret Maitland*, which was admired by Charlotte Brontë, should be again brought before the public. Only the other day we made an unavailing search for it and found that it had long been out of print. The time has come when justice should be done to this really great writer. Account should be taken in any estimate of her work, of her remarkable preface to *Agnes* in which she explains her view of fiction. *Agnes*, though perhaps too long and too painful, is the best of all her books. Nor should it be forgotten that in *Innocent* she made a new and somewhat venturesome experiment—an experiment which perhaps has not yet had full justice done to it.

❀

There is a sentence, by the way, in Mrs. Oliphant's *Innocent* which embodies the same truth that gave striking force to Ian Maclaren's little story, "Afterwards," published in *McClure's Magazine* a year ago, and which elicited a remarkable paper in the same magazine a few months later from Mrs. Phelps-Ward. Mr. Watson's conclusion reads: "For we sin against our dearest, not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine." Mrs. Oliphant observes: "I believe, for my own part, that imagination is the first faculty wanting in those that do harm to their kind, great or small." The coincidence is interesting.

❀

It is somewhat remarkable, and may have passed unnoticed by many readers, that Mrs. Oliphant invented the name "Thrums," and used it in one of her early novels. Mr. Barrie re-invented it in total ignorance of his predecessor's book. The first choice of a fictitious name for Kirriemuir which appeared in his earliest sketches was "Whins."

❀

Mr. R. H. Hutton, the editor of the London *Spectator*, who was the subject of a paper under "Living Critics" in our last issue, is the son of the Rev. Dr. Hutton, a Unitarian minister. Mr. Hutton was himself a Unitarian minister, but ceased to act as such on his appointment as principal of University Hall, Gordon Square. There his health broke down, and he went with Mrs. Hutton to the West Indies, where he recovered his health, but lost his wife. He came back to England, read for the Bar, and edited the *Inquirer*, contributing also to the *Prospective Review* and other magazines. By and by he joined the Church of England, but did not take orders. Says one who lamented to the Rev. Frederick D. Maurice that Hutton had ceased to preach, and had given himself to journalism: "I well remember the scorn with which Maurice then spoke of the clerical profession as compared to the position Mr. Hutton had taken instead as editor of a very influential journal, and said, 'He is infinitely more influential where he is than he could have been as a clergyman.'" A warm and lasting friendship sprang up between Hutton and Maurice. In the *Prospective Review* Hutton wrote a masterly critique of Maurice's *Theological Essays;* indeed, he has been *par excellence* the interpreter of Maurice to those outside. This was not the only occasion on which Maurice disparaged the ministry. Once being asked whether he considered novels or sermons more useful, the great divine replied, "Novels, certainly," and gave *Silas Marner* as an example of a book which had "searched him very deeply and taught him not a little."

❀

In our last number we disclosed some interesting facts relating to Charles

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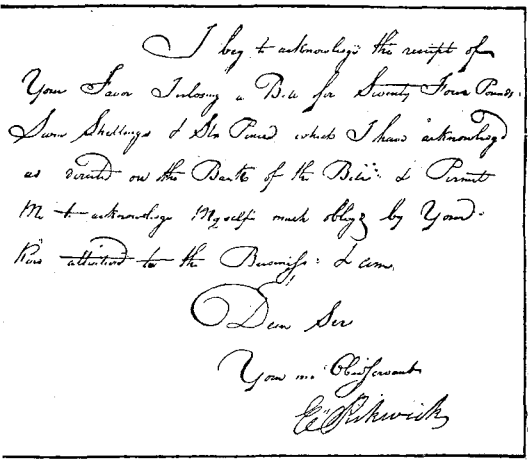

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of
Your favor Inclosing a Bill for Twenty Four Pounds
Seven Shillings & Six Pence which I have acknowledg
as Drawn on the Backs of the Bills & Permit
Me to acknowledge Myself much oblig'd by Your
Punctual attention to the Business I am
Dear Sir
Your most Obliged Servant
E. Pickwick

FAC-SIMILE OF A RECEIPT SIGNED BY E. PICKWICK, DATED BATH, JANUARY 5, 1802.

Dickens's father, the original of Mr. Micawber, and reproduced an illustration of the cottage in Devonshire where the novelist attempted to settle his father in the country, but which failed to have sufficient charms to hold that erratic individual. To a fascinating paper in the February *Strand* on "Charles Dickens's Manuscripts" we are indebted for the accompanying fac-similes. The receipt signed by "E. Pickwick" is a curiosity, inasmuch as it is the original document from the hand of a celebrated coach proprietor at Bath, from whom or from whose coaches Dickens derived the name of his hero in *Pickwick*. The title-page of *The Pickwick Papers* is from an edition published at Philadelphia in 1838, probably pirated, which contains many interesting and clever illustrations by "Sam Weller" and "Alfred Crowquill" (A. H. Forrester), subsequently the first illustrator of *Punch*. A copy of this book, from which this fac-simile is taken, was given by Charles Dickens to John Forster in 1838 or 1839. The title-page is a delicious apotheosis of the immortal Pickwick. It is significant that while we hear much of an alleged decline in Dickens's reading public, the English publishers claim no falling off in the yearly sales of his works as regards number.

❀

Cosmopolis, the new international monthly review, whose establishment we announced some time ago, has begun to appear, the first number having been issued in January. The contributions are some in English, some in French, and some in German, and the list of writers in this one number is a very remarkable one, including Stevenson, Sir Charles Dilke, Henry James, Edmund Gosse, Paul Bourget, Anatole France, George Brandes, Francisque Sarcey, Theodor Mommsen, M. de Pressensé, and Ernst von Wildenbruch—a more impressive collection than ever before wrote for a single number of any magazine. Mr. Gosse defends *Jude the Obscure* against the wonderfully unanimous attack that has been made upon it by the critics; but his defence is evidently up-hill work, and affects one with a feeling of oppression. Sir Charles Dilke contributes an interesting account of the origin of the Franco-Prussian War. Professor Mommsen writes of capital punishment in ancient Rome. In the list of present and future contributors, *Cosmopolis* includes the names of no Americans, unless John Oliver Hobbes and Henry James can be regarded as such—which they cannot.

❀

A critical Kentuckian writes to THE BOOKMAN concerning certain anachro-

TITLE-PAGE OF A CURIOUS AMERICAN "PICKWICK" PUBLISHED IN 1838.

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nisms which he finds in Mr. Crane's new play, *The Governor of Kentucky*. This critic contends that the presentation of the title rôle itself is not true; and after giving in detail the respects in which it

WILLIAM H. CRANE.

From a photograph by Sarony.

is lacking, goes on to say that if Mr. Crane did make a visit to Kentucky in order to take notes, as he is said to have done, then he must have found there some strange and unfamiliar type of the Executive (such as a Republican governor) heretofore unknown.

❀

As to the mountaineer's flask, which plays no inconspicuous part, the Kentuckian has also a protest to enter; affirming that no moonshiner was ever known to carry anything more sophisticated than a flat glass bottle with a corncob stopper. So far as the dark red liquor masquerading as moonshine whiskey is concerned, the critic considers that too utterly absurd to be commented upon, since the very babies in Kentucky know that the real thing is as colourless as water.

❀

But these hits are trifles light as air compared with the indictment with which the indignant Kentuckian winds up. Where, demands he, where throughout the length and breadth of God's country—from the mountains to the Blue Grass, from the Pennyrile to the Purchase—were such things as make the special points of this preposterous play ever heard, or thought, or dreamed of? Think for a moment what they are: bottles of whiskey on the supper tables at a ball in the Governor's mansion; two New York young women of Bowery looks and manners among the most honoured guests; an elderly maiden lady of good Kentucky family consorting with horse-jockeys; two men, assumably gentlemen, playing poker for money in the presence of a girl whom they respect! And *this* is what has been enthusiastically received by Eastern audiences as "a convincing portrayal of Kentucky life and character."

❀

La Revue of Paris prints, for the first time, a statement by George Sand on her views of novel-writing and her views of life in general. It was written when she was seventy-one years old, and was meant as a preface to a new edition of her works; but the project of the new edition was given up. Though she was looking forward to death at the time, it expresses only the most cheerful sentiments, for there was a stubbornness about her optimism as about her idealism. Concerning this last she has a good deal to say, of which the substance is this. She has been charged with idealising her personages. Well, she meant them to be as they are. And —which is not the same thing—she saw them so, and often met people like them in the world. But if she had only met one such noble personage, that same would have been real, and she would be within her rights in depicting him. She is aware the present temper of the world is hard; she has done her level best to soften the feelings of her contemporaries, and altogether failed. But she means to go on her old way—at seventy-one!—and, if she can persuade a single soul of the reality of ideal virtue, will say her time has not been lost. And all will come right. As for the world going to the dogs, or dying of feebleness—not a bit of it. The groaner only echoes his own miserable condition; new force is springing up on every side of him.

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This sturdy optimism can be tolerated when the experience of seventy-one years lies behind the speaker's words.

❀

A correspondent supplements our recent note on the fiction-courses now given at Columbia, Chicago, and Yale, by the information that a similar course at Harvard is conducted by Professor Hill.

❀

A writer burst radiantly into a New York publisher's office the other day. He had conceived a brilliant idea—nothing less than a compilation of *The Wit and Wisdom of Congress* beginning with the fifty-fourth session. But the publisher was sceptical.

❀

Mr. Walter Raymond has written a new story entitled *Charity Chance*, which will appear serially in *The Churchman* in America, and in *Good Words* on the other side.

❀

Messrs. Appleton and Company will shortly publish *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard*, Dr. Conan Doyle's new book, which has been running in *The Strand*. It is a historical romance containing eight adventures of a Napoleonic hero, and will be illustrated.

❀

There has been much talk in literary circles about the proposed address to American authors. One well-known literary man says that there should have been an address from the authors of Ashanti to the authors of England. It has also been cruelly and wickedly suggested that the address should have been headed "To the American author," and should have been sent round by a district messenger boy to Mr. Henry James.

❀

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have almost ready for publication a new historical romance dealing with the times of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia during 1676. It is by Mrs. Goodwin, the author of *The Head of a Hundred*, which we had reason to speak highly of last summer, and of *The Colonial Cavalier*, which is noticed in this number. The new book is to be entitled *White Aprons*.

❀

Mr. Ernest McGaffey, whose volume of poems is reviewed on another page, was born in 1861 at London, Ont. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at Chicago, where he has practised since 1882. He has long been known as a contributor to the leading magazines and

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

other periodicals, and is a member of the Chicago Press Club. It is not easy to obtain much biographical material about Mr. McGaffey, as may be inferred from the remark which he recently made in answer to an application: "I would rather take ten lashes well laid on with a cat-o'-nine-tails than to write ten lines about myself."

❀

Messrs. Roberts Brothers are about to publish a new novel by Robert Buchanan entitled *Effie Hetherington*. It is said to be one of the most powerful stories Mr. Buchanan has ever written. The same firm has also in the press a volume of *Armenian Poems* rendered into English by Miss Alice Stone Blackwell. The next four new volumes to be added to the Keynotes Series will be entitled *Nobody's Fault*, by Netta Syrett; *In Homespun*, by E. Nesbit; *Platonic Affections*, by John Smith; and *Nets for the Wind*, by Una Taylor.

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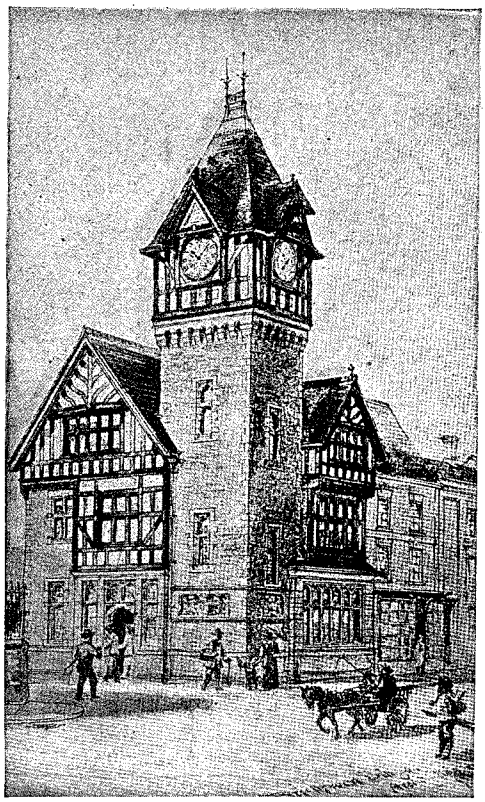
On another page, in connection with Miss Lilian Whiting's article on Mrs. Browning, which contains new material hitherto unpublished concerning the great woman-poet of our era, there will be found an illustration of Mrs. Browning's tomb in the cemetery of Florence.



THE MEMORIAL INSTITUTE TO MRS. E. B. BROWNING AT LEDBURY.

Italy has also placed a memorial on the Casa Guidi, where she wrote and died, and upon which "grateful Florence" stamped in letters of gold its tribute to her who "with her golden verse linked Italy to England." It will surprise many to learn that no bust or tablet of Mrs. Browning is in Westminster Abbey; no slab is on the house where she lay so long an invalid in London; no outward mark of her memory exists in England. The opportunity is now given to contribute to a memorial in honour of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in which it is hoped that all who care for Mrs. Browning in Great Britain and America will participate.

The townsfolk of Ledbury, the Herefordshire town close to where Mrs. Browning lived from her babyhood till she was twenty, resolved a few years ago to raise a memorial in their town which should be worthy of the poet, and which resolution has been warmly approved by many of the leading literary men and women of the day. A site was given and the sum of £1550 has been raised by subscriptions, including the cost (£150) of a valuable clock, given by a generous townswoman. A handsome stone building, suitable for a free library, with a fine clock tower, designed by Mr. Brightwen Binyon, A.R.I.B.A., is nearly finished; but its cost will be about £2300, so that at least £750 is required to free the memorial from debt. The Institute was opened in January by Mr. Rider Haggard, who paid a generous tribute to the memory of the great poetess. An earnest appeal is made to all in America who are in sympathy with the movement for help to complete the memorial free from debt. That the memorial is rightly placed in Ledbury none will doubt who remember how Mrs. Browning wrote of the Herefordshire neighbourhood in *Aurora Leigh*. Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. C. W. Stephens, Hon. Sec., The Cross, Ledbury, or to the National Provincial Bank, Limited, Ledbury, Herefordshire, England. Subscriptions sent to THE BOOKMAN for transmission will be acknowledged in these columns.

❀

In *The Village of Viger*, to be published shortly by Messrs Copeland and Day, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott has written a number of idylls which are intended to do for the local colour and characteristics of an old French Canadian town what Miss Wilkins and others have done for New England.

❀

The little series of "Oaten Stops" which this firm is publishing seem to meet with public favour. *Dumb in June*, by Richard Burton, has gone into a third edition, and three new volumes are announced by Miss Hannah Parker Kimball, Mr. Madison Cawein, and Mr. Bates. It may not be generally known that the column in the Boston *Transcript* headed "The Listener" is contributed by Mr. J. E. Chamberlain, editor of *The Youth's Companion*. A selection has been

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"MAXWELL GRAY."

made from the letters which have appeared in this column, to be published in two volumes, entitled *The Listener in the Town* and *The Listener in the Country*, by Messrs. Copeland and Day.

❀

A decade has passed away since that very remarkable novel *The Silence of Dean Maitland* was published, and yet we believe "Maxwell Gray" still has a faithful following who would like to know who the author is, and what she is like. "Maxwell Gray" (Miss Mary E. Tuttiett), as she is most widely known, is the daughter of a physician who has spent the greater part of his life at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. Miss Tuttiett has made us familiar with the surrounding scenery of her home in the graphic pages of her famous story. She is an invalid and does all her writing lying on a sofa, and it is ten years since she was out of the Isle of Wight. The house in which *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, *The Reproach of Annesley*, *In the Heart of the Storm*, and *The Last Sentence* were written is now transformed into "The Bee-Hive," where silks and wools are vended. Like many greater novelists, Miss Tuttiett began her career with poetry, and her last book, recently published in England, is a narrative poem, *Lays of the Dragon Slayer*, suggested by the *Nibelungen Lied*. A story of hers published long ago in *Blackwood* called *A Hansom Cabman* has been dramatised under the name of *An Unexpected Fare*. An attempt has also been made recently to put *Dean Maitland* on the stage, but the result has been unfortunate for Mr. Forbes Robertson. *The Silence of Dean Maitland* was begun and finished during one year amid many interruptions from ill health. It was returned once with an objection to the plot; but on its appearance in 1886 it met with instant success.

❀

The honours of this winter's season of Grand Opera have, on the whole, fallen to Mme. Calvé, whose remarkable art as an actress would have made her famous even had she not possessed the lovely voice that is her heritage. Her impersonations show the blended fire and passion that came to her from her French mother and her Spanish father, and one could almost wish that she might devote herself wholly to the non-operatic stage.

❀

Emma Calvé was born at Aveyron, in

EMMA CALVÉ AS "CARMEN."

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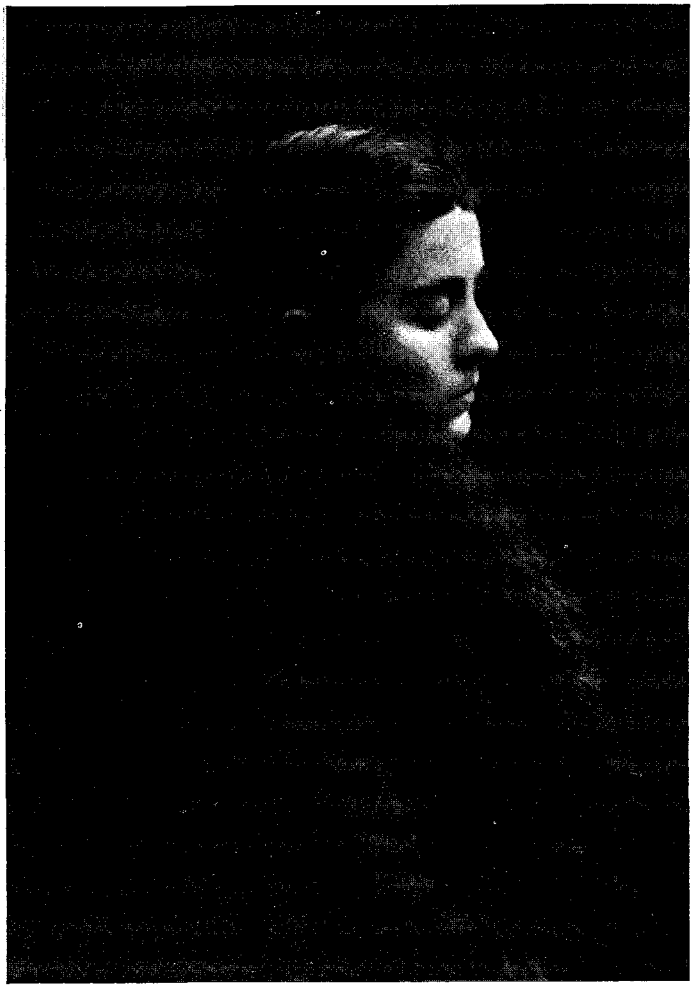

ELEANORA DUSE.

the south of France, and began her musical studies at the age of sixteen. She made her *début* in the Théâtre Royal of Brussels in 1882, making no especial impression ; but subsequently at Naples she saw Duse, and became powerfully impressed with the sincerity and truth of her dramatic methods, which she from that time herself both studied and adopted, and as Ophélie in Thomas's *Hamlet* won her first success. It is of course in *Carmen* that her greatest triumphs have been won, and it was in the title rôle of this opera that she first appeared before the American public in 1893.

❀

Some time ago it was announced, with a certain show of authority in an interview with Madame Sarah Bernhardt, that she was writing her memoirs, which were not to be published until after her death. Subsequently this was flatly denied. Again it was reported that Eleanora Duse was engaged in writing her *Life*, and we are now authorised to state that she is not writing this nor any other book. The contradiction of the statement regarding Signora Duse is consistent with what we know of her character, for while the French actress courts publicity the Signora as rigorously shuns it.

❀

The most refreshing utterance that we have come across in a long time is Signora Duse's frank admission that she does not like America or Americans, and that she is here for a second engagement only because she feels bound to keep a promise made to her American manager. So much gush has been ostentatiously swashed over our country by foreign artists who were very evidently insincere, that this bit of truth from La Duse is extremely delightful ; and we can now all respect her as a woman no less than we admire her as an actress. What have her likes or dislikes for the country to do with her professional merits anyhow ? She is simply the greatest actress in the world, and that is all that need concern the American public whose privilege it is to see her.

❀

"Hilda Strafford" is not the title of Beatrice Harraden's new novel, as has been announced by some of our contemporaries. This is one of the longer stories which Miss Harraden has been writing about California, and of which

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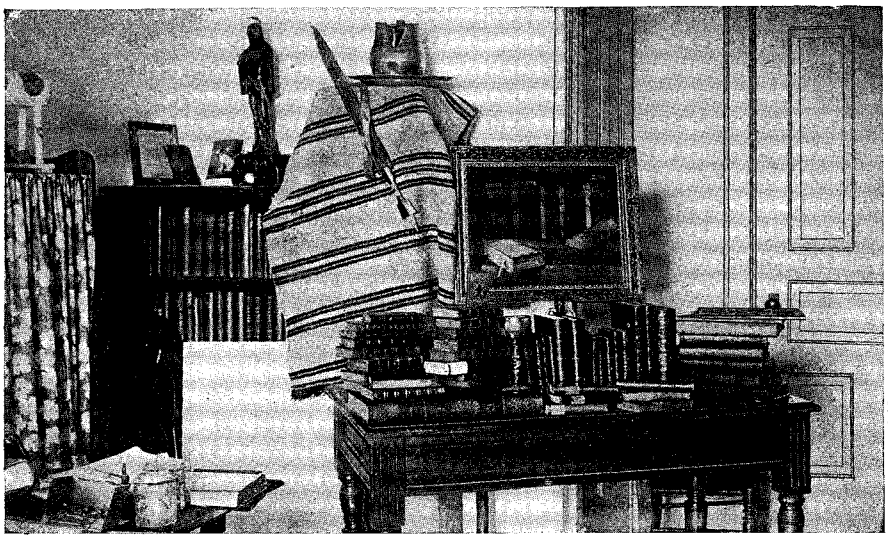

EUGENE FIELD'S TREASURES.

she expects to make a series. The story will appear during April and May in *Blackwood* in England and in the *Cosmopolitan* in this country. The series of which this will form a part will not appear in book form until after the publication of Miss Harraden's new novel, which, as has already been announced, is to be published in the autumn.

❀

Mr. R. D. Blackmore's new novel, entitled *Dariel: a Romance of Surrey*, will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It will not appear until 1897.

❀

The Messrs. Scribner have just published *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*, the work upon which Eugene Field was engaged at the time of his death. The writing of it had been a long-cherished ambition, but it was not begun until the beginning of August of last year. From that time on he laboured over it unceasingly with such love and interest as no literary occupation had inspired in him for years. The nineteenth chapter, which concludes with the verses supposed to be contributed by Judge Methuen, were the last words penned by him. That was on the afternoon of November 2d. Two days later, in the early morning, the poet was found on his bed, one arm thrown across his breast and a smile of tranquillity on his face. The book as it comes to us now is, therefore, a fragment, although only one chapter remained to be written, which was to chronicle, strange to say, the death of the old bibliomaniac. The above sketch gives a view of the cherished volumes—the Horaces—which it pleased his fancy to imagine always awaited his awaking and his cheerful greeting: "Good-day to you, my sweet friends. How lovingly they beam upon me, and how glad they are that my rest has been unbroken!"

❀

The melodramatic farce entitled *Macaire*, in which Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley collaborated, has been taken up by Richard Mansfield, who has bought the stage rights of the play in this country. The picturesque rôle of "Macaire" is admirably suited to Mr. Mansfield's talent, and we shall be interested in its production, which we believe will take place shortly. Mr. Beerbohm Tree will probably set up the play in England.

❀

Macaire, which is published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball in uniform style with Stevenson's *An Amateur Emigrant* and *The Vailima Letters*, was first printed in the *Chap-Book*. This magazinelet is to be enlarged and the price increased from five to ten cents. "This is the first sign of a reaction," quoth the announcement, "against the cheapening of magazines.

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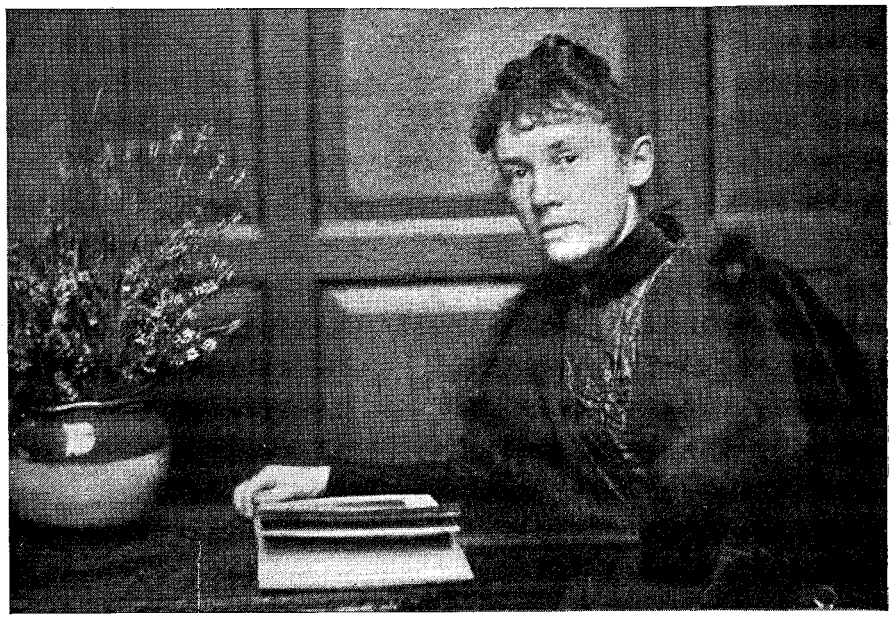

ALICE BROWN.

Many people have questioned whether it makes any essential difference to the purchaser whether he pays five, ten, or fifteen cents for his magazine provided only he gets something he really wants." Ay, there's the rub! We fear there will be joy in the camp of the Philistines when the voice of the Western stripling reaches them.

❀

The *Chap-Book* form of publication has been taken up by the colleges, and the first-fruits of the fad are seen in a clever little exchange that comes to us from Columbia with the title *The Morningside*. It is excellently written and printed, and up to the present time has disclosed few or no amateurish and immature traits. One bit of verse from the first number has already been widely quoted, but we are going to quote it again because it is so good :

" An Ass with long green ears
And pinkish hairs
Was browsing on the purple grass ;
No thoughts he had,
He was a Beardsley Ass."

❀

Just one little thing we feel bound to criticise—the ejaculation " Selah !" at the end of an editorial paragraph. This is too much in the style of a country newspaper. Some day or other, when we get around to it, as they say in New Hampshire, we are going to discourse at considerable length on the general characteristics, literary attributes, and psychological traits of the American college journal, which is one of the subjects that we really know quite a little about.

❀

Miss Alice Brown, the author of *Meadow-Grass*, was born in Hampton, N. H. Her literary work has been done for the most part in Boston, where she is an important member on the staff of *The Youth's Companion*. Miss Brown's New England idylls have been warmly received, and a third edition has just been exhausted. The volume on Mercy Otis Warren in the Messrs. Scribners' Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times is being prepared by Miss Brown. She and Miss Guiney made a pilgrimage together through England during the summer months of last year.

❀

Lovers of Schiller's *William Tell* will be pleased to learn of the tribute the Swiss people have recently paid to the Tell legend. It is the erection of a colossal monument on the northwest side of the old tower standing in the Rathhausplatz in Altdorf. On the side

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of this tower, and serving as a background for the statue, has been arranged a bronze relief which represents the Schächen Valley and the path leading from Bürgeln to Altdorf. The intent of this is to give the beholder the impression that Tell and his boy have just come down the valley to the point where they are standing in the monument. The form of Tell is one of proud manliness and beauty, and his step is sure and firm. His face is full of earnestness and determination, and he carries his bow over his shoulder. His left hand rests upon the boy's shoulder, and the latter seems to be happily chatting at his father's side. The statue with the rock upon which it stands is some thirteen feet in height, and the base for the whole is about ten feet high, making the height of the whole monument some twenty-three feet. It was modelled by Richard Kissling, and was cast in Paris. The expense of some $30,000 has been met by a fund to which the general government, the various cantons, and the people at large have contributed. At the dedication, which was attended by large crowds from all over Switzerland, there was enacted a charming little *Festspiel* prepared for the occasion; the leading characters of the piece were History, Legend, and Schiller's Spirit (*Geist*).

❀

The three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Comenius was celebrated in 1892, and since that time much attention has been paid to his writings. A few of his treatises have been available for the general reader, but his *Physicæ Synopsis* has been until now a closed book. This work was written in the prime of his manhood, and contains some of his best thoughts. It was prepared for use in the gymnasium of which he had charge, and during his life three editions of it were published, but copies of these editions have now become very scarce. The task of preparing a new edition was assumed by Dr. J. Reber, who during recent years has devoted much attention to Comenius and published several articles about him. His task has been carried out in three lines: the careful revision of the text by comparing the three early editions, the preparation of a German translation, which appears alongside of the Latin, and the arrangement of a commentary. In all three directions Dr. Reber has been very successful. The book is important because it shows important steps in the development of Comenius' ideas of teaching; but it is interesting, too, to the theologian on account of the numerous references to the Bible as a source of all proof, and to the student of natural science, as it gives a good idea of the status of the sciences in the seventeenth century.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's new volume, this time a collection of short stories, is noticed on another page. The first story is remarkable for its originality of motive and distinct power; the others are not so successful. The portraits of Miss Guiney and Miss Brown are from new photographs taken for THE BOOKMAN.

❀

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's next pilgrimage will take him to Russia, where he will be present at the coronation of the Czar, and to Athens, where he will witness the revival of the ancient games under the patronage of the King of Greece in the Spring.

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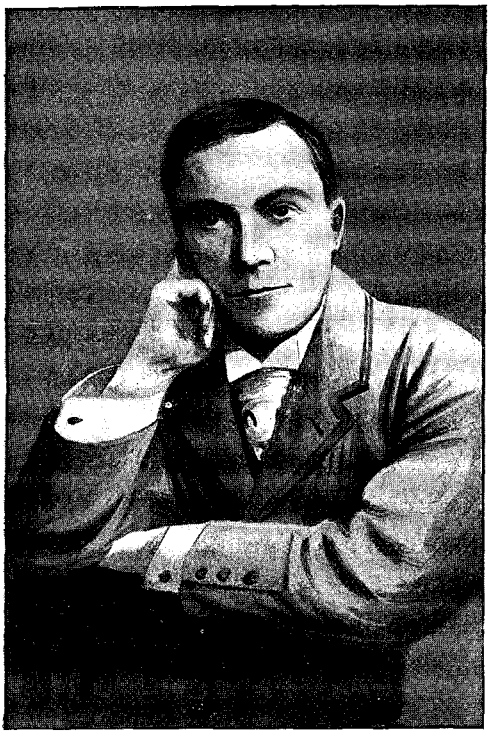
A great deal too much fine writing and quasi-classical gush is sure to be wasted over these same Hellenic Games. Already there are erudite allusions to the renaissance of the old Greek spirit, and much misplaced enthusiasm over the yearning of the modern Hellenes to do honour to their immortal ancestors. For our part, considering that the present kingdom of Greece is bankrupt, and dishonestly bankrupt at that, we cannot but feel that the unbreeched mongrels of the Morea would do far more honour to their country's past if they stopped capering and gave their attention to the payment of their honest debts. As for all this talk about their "ancestors," it is based upon nothing but pure fancy; for ethnologists, especially Fallmerayer, have shown that the present population of the country is almost wholly Slavic, with only the very slightest tinge of Hellenic blood.



ALBERT CHEVALIER.

❀

We advise as many of our readers as can do so to go and hear Mr. Albert Chevalier sing his coster songs when he visits this country next month to fulfil a short engagement. Mr. Chevalier is a London music-hall singer, but he is also a rare artist and one who in a higher sphere of dramatic impersonation would have set both continents raving over him. In London he sings in three or four places in one evening, and the present writer has again and again followed him from one to another in order to enjoy his remarkable impersonations, which, though they depict the Whitechapel costermonger to the life, have not the slightest taint of vulgarity about them, but are filled with a certain humanity and wholesome humour that are very captivating. Mr. Dixey has given imitations of him in this country, and has done it very cleverly in a superficial manner; but Mr. Chevalier himself is really quite inimitable. His *Future Mrs. 'Awkins* is a gem in its way, and his *Little Nipper*, while irresistibly comic, conceals and yet suggests a certain elemental tenderness that makes a strong appeal to the emotions.

❀

This is a day of international wanderings and borrowings. M. Coquelin, on his first visit to America, was so taken with the performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* by Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew that he got his friend, the late Paul Delair, to make the French adaptation of Shakespeare's comedy which he caused to be brought out not long after at the Théâtre Français. It was Delair's version, in turn, which suggested the writing of a new French opéra comique, *La Megère Apprivoisée* (book by M. Deshays and music by M. Le Roy), which has recently been produced at Rouen. And at this performance of a French opera based on an English play, the leading part was taken by an American girl, Miss Maud Roudebush, calling herself in France Mlle. Roudet. Miss Roudebush seems to have acted the difficult part as well as she sang it.

❀

In the December number of THE BOOKMAN we took occasion to criticise our Chicago contemporary, *The Dial*, for using—and as we supposed for inventing—the barbaric verb "to pedestal." A valued correspondent called our attention to an occurrence of the same verb in Browning's *The Ring and the*

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Book (p. 57, Riverside Edition), where it is embedded in the line,

"Vice prostrate, virtue pedestalled at last."

This transfers the ultimate responsibility for the word from the shoulders of *The Dial* to those of Browning, and incidentally shows the baneful effect which the Browning Club is beginning to have on the language of Chicago.

❀

Miss Lilian Whiting's little book, *The World Beautiful*, is now in its eleventh thousand. A second series of this work is in the press and will be published shortly.

❀

If we quote some sentences from Mr. Alfred Austin's criticism of Tennyson's poetry which appeared in his volume, *The Poetry of the Period*, published in 1870, it is not with the purpose of annoying Mr. Austin; it is simply to show he has no right to complain of expressions equally frank being applied to himself, with a thousand times more reason. His appointment to the Laureateship is not a serious matter, provided it be clearly understood that he has no poetical talents, and that nobody worth speaking about maintains that he has. Otherwise, our children might blame us for having lost all sense of poetry, and all discernment of what is good in literature. But the case is not really so bad as that.

❀

Now for the extracts. Mr. Austin says:

"What I wish to emphasise is that his (Tennyson's) being a great poet is now regarded as an established fact. . . . I am going not only to challenge, but to deny it altogether, and to implore the age, while there is yet time, to save itself, by a seasonable recantation, from posthumous ridicule and contempt. . . . My proposition is that Mr. Tennyson is not a great poet, unquestionably not a poet of the front rank, all but unquestionably not a poet of the second rank, and probably, though no contemporary perhaps can settle that, not even at the head of poets of the third rank, among whom he must inevitably take his place. The prevailing and universal expression is that he is a great poet, a very great poet, perhaps as great a poet as ever lived. This is the opinion I challenge and denounce, the opinion that will make posterity shriek with laughter and flout us to scorn. . . . Let not the age make itself the laughing stock of an irreverent posterity. We laugh at the contemporaries of Hayley. Do we want to be laughed at by our grandchildren? Mr. Tennyson is much more of a poet than Hayley, no doubt, but then Hayley was never belauded as Mr. Tennyson is by us."

This shows that Mr. Austin stands as a critic exactly where he stands as a poet.

❀

In that same book of Mr. Austin's was a somewhat unflattering opinion of Robert Browning's claim to be considered a poet, which was answered by the great poet in that humorous poem with its galloping metre, "Of Pacchiarotto, and How He Worked in Distemper." Here is the passage which especially refers to the new Laureate. Browning is addressing himself to his critics:

"Nay, here shall my whistling and singing
Set all his street's echoes a ringing
Long after the last of your number
Has ceased my front-court to encumber.
While treading down rose and ranunculus.
You *Tommy-make room-for-your-uncle* us.
Troop all of you—man or *homunculus*,
Quick march! for Xanthippe, my housemaid,
If once on your pates she a souse made,
With what, pan or pot, bowl or *skoramis*,
First comes to her hand—things were more amiss!
I would not for worlds be your place in—
Recipient of slops from the basin!
You, Jack-in-the-Green, leaf-and-twiggishness,
Won't save a dry thread on your priggishness!
While as for Quilp-Hop-o'-my-Thumb there,
Banjo-Byron that twangs the strum strum there—
He'll think, as the pickle he curses,
I've discharged on his pate his own verses!
'Dwarfs are saucy,' says Dickens; so, sauced-in
Your own sauce. . . ."

"Are you Alfred Austin?" is the insinuating rhyme that haunts the ear; but the poet pointed his satire by a footnote to the blank—

"No, please! For
Who would be satirical
On a thing so very small?—*Printer's Devil.*"

❀

Messrs. J. A. Hill and Company of this city have issued a preliminary announcement of a literary work of considerable magnitude. It is described by its title, *A Library of the World's Best Literature*, and is to be a collection of signed monographs on the great writers of all ages and lands, with illustrative quotations on a much larger and more complete scale than in the ordinary anthologies. The *Library* is to extend to some twenty-five or thirty volumes. Its preparation is under the immediate charge of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, as Editor-in-Chief, and of

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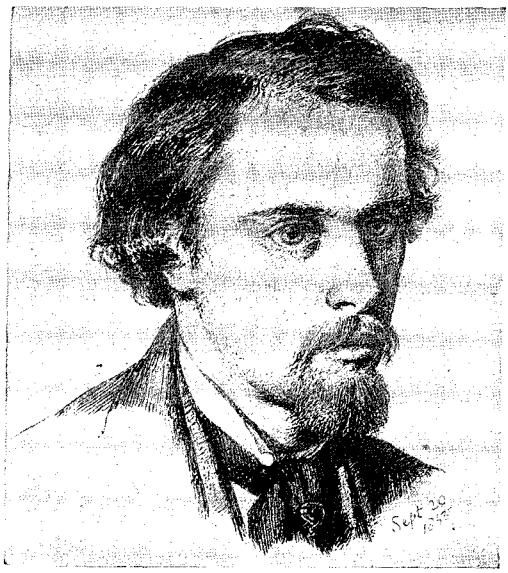

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

From a painting by himself.

Messrs. Harry Thurston Peck and Hamilton Wright Mabie as Associate Editors. An Advisory Board of eleven members will act with the editors, and the monographs will be prepared by specialists in many departments of literature. Among them are the names of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, Colonel T. W. Higginson, Professor Paul Shorey, Professor Willard Fiske, Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, Mr. Brander Matthews, Professor Alcée Fortier, Professor Adolphe Cohn, Professor William M. Sloane, Professor C. M. Toy, Dr. Charles Waldstein, Richard Henry Stoddard, Mr. W. D. Howells, and many others. The names of the foreign contributors are to be announced later.

❀

The Life and Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, from the press of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, has been published at last by his brother, Mr. William M. Rossetti, in two octavo volumes, and the memoir is *not* by Mr. Theodore Watts. In Mr. Hall Caine's *Recollections*, published in 1882, than which there has been no more interesting book on Rossetti, we are informed that it was always known to be Rossetti's wish that should it appear after his death that the story of his life required to be written, the one friend, who knew him most intimately during his later years, Mr. Theodore Watts, should write it unless his brother William should probably undertake it. There are certain critics who say they will believe in the appearance of any book by Mr. Watts when they can see it and handle it, but not till then. It might have been foreseen that the task of writing Rossetti's life would fall eventually to his brother. The memoir is written in Mr. William Rossetti's well-known inelegant but trustworthy manner, with conscientious moderation and scrupulous candour. This occupies the first volume, while the second volume consists of Rossetti's correspondence. There are a number of interesting portraits which have been reproduced with great care in photogravure. We give reduced fac-similes of the portraits of Rossetti and of his lovely and gifted wife, Lizzie Siddal, whose melancholy and mysterious end in 1862 was followed

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

From a pencil drawing by her brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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twenty years later as tragically in the death of her husband—a martyr to chloral.

❀

Mr. W. M. Rossetti has also edited a new collection of his sister's poems, to which he contributes an interesting preface. The volume is published by the Macmillans, and contains a portrait of

ELIZABETH ELEANOR SIDDAL (ROSSETTI).

From a painting by herself.

Miss Rossetti, taken from a pencil drawing done by her brother, Dante Gabriel, which has hitherto remained unnoticed, and was only discovered after her death. Mr. Rossetti says it is the sweetest vision of her face ever produced by any one. This was drawn about 1849, when Miss Rossetti was eighteen years of age.

❀

Some time ago we ventured to criticise the expression "chip up" when we found it in Mr. Brander Matthews's novel; and we then held that "chip in" was the only proper form. We have since become convinced that "chip up" is also used, though rarely, and have been led to speculate on its possible genesis. An erudite friend makes a suggestion that is interesting. He thinks that just as "chip in" belongs primarily to the language of poker, where the "chips" are actually thrown into the "pot," so "chip up" originated among the players of *rouge et noir*, where the chips are stacked up in piles. As the persons who play poker are far more numerous than those who indulge in *rouge et noir*, their version of the phrase gained the greater currency, while the other exists only as a sort of by-form. We are inclined to think that this is

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really the true explanation of what has been to us something of a philological mystery.

❀

Another reader explains the curious way in which photographers contrive to give an impression of their own nationality to the likenesses of their sitters, as to which we made some comment in the January BOOKMAN. Our correspondent attributes the fact to the way in which the negative is retouched before the photograph is printed. This is, of course, a very reasonable and satisfactory explanation, and one that we should have thought of ourselves, especially as everyone knows how far the process of retouching is carried in these days.

❀

The appearance of each number of THE BOOKMAN is always followed by a shoal of letters from its readers, who write very freely to us their comments on our views and also on our reviews. The mass of these communications has now become so great as to preclude the possibility of a personal reply to each one, whether it be blandly commendatory or fiercely critical; and we must therefore here express our acknowledgments in a general way. We like to receive these letters, for they put us into direct touch with our readers and establish a personal relation between us that is extremely pleasant. The letters themselves we always peruse with interest, and often with much profit to ourselves and to the magazine; so that we trust they will continue to arrive with all their wonted regularity.

❀

A rather memorable gathering occurred at Columbia College on February 1st. Thirty-six professors, representing Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Cornell, and the University of Pennsylvania, met an equal number of gentlemen representing the preparatory schools, to confer as to the possibility of securing from the colleges a practical uniformity in the requirements for admission to them. A number of separate conferences were organized, each relating to one of the subjects required (*i.e.*, Latin, Greek, French, German, History, and Mathematics), and these conferences will try to unite upon a general recommendation. We do not look for any immediate results from this gathering, for the conditions prevailing in our leading universities are by no means identical. Some good will perhaps come from bringing the schoolmasters into personal contact with the representatives of the colleges, and thus ensuring a better understanding of their respective points of view; yet as to the immediate end proposed, we think that it would be more speedily attained and with less friction and waste of time if it were left to the college men alone to consider. After all, the schools merely ask for an agreement of some kind; the exact details of it are of much less importance to them.

❀

On the third day of February, Columbia College, availing itself of legislative permission long ago accorded to it, assumed the style and title of Columbia University. The growth of its influence, the multiplication of its faculties, and of the opportunities for advanced work offered under them, the prominence now given in its higher courses to original investigation and research, and the manner in which this historic institution has drawn to itself in a sort of academic federation other great seats of learning in its vicinity, all justify, and, indeed, demand this change of title, which is at once the symbol of a noble aspiration and the recognition of an impressive fact.

❀

Mr. Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* has at last caught the attention of the American public, and during the first week in February the publishers were unable to supply the demand. Its English success is still unabated and is attracting the attention of the critics. The *Saturday Review*, after asserting that Mr. Crane is no artist, goes on to say that he gives us in this book the most vivid, intense, and truly realistic picture of war as it appears to the individual soldier that has ever been put into words. This admission would seem to dispose of its negation of Mr. Crane's artistic claims; for Mr. Crane is not, as the *Review* evidently thinks, one who in the book is recalling his own experiences, but a youth who at the close of the Civil War had not yet been born. Hence, when by pure force of imagination and intuitive knowledge of humanity he so realises the scenes of war as to

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force them upon the consciousness of others, he is surely justifying beyond question his right to the name of artist.

❀

Just how his art must be classified is another thing. We wish that some competent person would write a satisfactory analysis of Mr. Crane's colour system. The use that he makes of it is extraordinary, interpreting all things in colour as Maupassant interprets them through the sense of smell. He is, in this, more of a symbolist than an impressionist, and has gone far beyond Mr. Hamlin Garland, who was, if we mistake not, his literary master. When one sits down in cold blood afterward and thinks over his colour effects—his splotches of crimson and blobs of blue—it becomes rather absurd, though at the first reading it is wonderfully effective. We are inclined to think that it is not, however, exactly Turneresque, but more closely allied to the craft of the scene-painter, which is also art in its way, but does not bear an overclose examination.

❀

We have received a good deal of friendly criticism with reference to the first sentence of the review of Mr. Howells's *Stops of Various Quills*, published in the last BOOKMAN. This spoke of poetry as being for Mr. Howells "a new field of effort," and we are kindly informed that Mr. Howells published a number of verses early in his career as a writer. Exactly; so does pretty nearly every young author in his salad days; but that does not count. Mr. Howells's real literary career dates from his appearance as a fiction writer in 1871. It is since this date only that his sphere of work became definitely mapped out, and his theory of literary art matured. What he did before that time is not to be taken into consideration in speaking of his true career; and when he now turns to verse, this is to the Howells that the world knows to-day, quite truly "a new field of effort." Another reader objects to that review because it quotes the poem entitled "Heredity," which he severely describes as "ribald." Dear, dear! Some day we shall bring out a number of THE BOOKMAN consisting entirely of blank pages, and even then some cantankerous person will probably find fault.

A new novel by F. Marion Crawford, entitled *Adam Johnstone's Son*, is announced to appear in April from the press of the Messrs. Macmillan. The same firm will publish soon Mr. George Saintsbury's important work, *A History of Nineteenth Century Literature*, comprising the period between 1780 and 1895. Another literary work of value which also is looked for eagerly will make its appearance shortly from the same house, namely, Georg Brandes's critical biography of William Shakespeare. Dr. Brandes's method has been to place the poet in his political and literary environment, and to study each play not as an isolated phenomenon, but as the record of a stage in Shakespeare's spiritual history. It is the most important work on Shakespeare that has been published since Professor Dowden treated of the same theme in *Shakespeare —His Mind and Art*.

❀

There has come to us during the month a new volume in the Globe Library (paper covers), issued by Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company, which, though not a new book, claims some attention on its first appearance, so far as we are aware, in America. *Stanhope of Chester* was published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company in England during the autumn of 1894, and the author, Mr. Percy Andreae, was at once recognised as a new writer marked out for popularity. *Stanhope of Chester* is the most notable ghost story that has appeared for many years. Writers, or at least narrators, of such stories are often mere specialists with few other faculties developed; they can thrill your nerves, but they have no power to enlist the interest of the intelligence or the heart. Mr. Andreae's story exhibits various talents which give it distinction. In the first place, it is markedly original—owes nothing to tradition; and secondly, it throws an important light on the habits of ghosts; at least we can conceive a ghost of Mr. Andreae's kind. Philosophy and common sense have come in to aid him in making the weird a reality. As a narrative, too, *Stanhope of Chester* is brisk and vigorous. Mr. Andreae is quickly winning success as a writer of short stories of exceptional brightness, and when he follows up his first attempt at fiction with a second novel we shall have something more to say about him.

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GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

In spite of the present cosmopolitan taste in fiction, Italy receives a somewhat scanty recognition. The literary movements in Paris are watched with interest, and Loti's *Galilée* or Zola's *Rome* is awaited eagerly. The Russian, Scandinavian, and German novelists each have their votaries; Tolstoi and Dostoievski, Ibsen and Björnson, Sudermann and Paul Heyse are familiar names the world over, while Italy remains unfairly in the background. Even Max Nordau, who with great impartiality scanned the countries of Northern Europe, in his search for degenerates, stopped short at the Alps, either because his gloomy theories were incompatible with the brightness of Italian skies, or, perhaps, out of regard for his friend and master, Professor Lombroso. The Italian critics, however, seem hardly grateful to Herr Nordau for the omission, since to be a degenerate in his acceptation of the term is nowadays a mark of distinction—one finds one's self in such excellent company. At any rate, there is no lack of eminent Italian novelists well deserving international consideration. A generation ago, it is true, there were few novels of lasting merit; sensational writers of the Wilkie Collins and Fortuné de Boisgobey type preponderated, and the popular taste had not yet been educated to distinguish between a George Eliot and a Miss Braddon, a Balzac, and a Gaboriau. At the present day, however, there are a number of brilliant writers of keen perception and delicate portrayal, such as De Amicis, as felicitous in his recent vein of fiction as he was formerly in his works of travel; Matilde Serao and Verga, inimitable respectively in their Neapolitan and Sicilian sketches; and Rovetta, whose *La Baraonda* was one of the literary events of the past year. But the writer of the greatest promise to-day in Italy, and perhaps one of the most unique figures in contemporary literature, is Gabriele D'Annunzio, the poet-novelist.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

The career of this gifted young writer has been watched with growing interest in his own country, where each new work is sure to arouse a heated controversy among his critics. Until two years ago, however, he was practically unknown to the world at large, when a few of his poems, translated into the French papers, attracted instant attention, not only in Paris, but in the principal literary centres throughout Europe. It was admitted that a new star of the first magnitude had arisen in an unexpected quarter. Within a year no less than three Paris journals acquired rights of translation; his *Giovanni Episcopo* formed a leading attraction in the initial numbers of the new *Revue de Paris*, *L'Innocente* appeared in the *Temps* under the title of *L'Intrus*, and the *Vergine delle Rocce* is announced for an early issue of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which last January published a delightful study of the author by M. de Vogüé, under the flattering heading of "La Renaissance Latine."

Gabriele D'Annunzio is fortunate in having made his mark so early in life, being barely thirty-two years of age. He is a native of the Abruzzi, the "land of the genista," whose picturesque

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beauties he never wearies of extolling. His birthplace is the little village of Pescara, on the Adriatic coast, which he still prefers to make his home, and whose simple-minded, honest, and somewhat fanatical inhabitants have figured in more than one of his shorter sketches. At the age of fifteen, while still a student at Prato, he published his first volume of verses, so daringly erotic in tone, that in spite of their obvious merits his readers were not a little scandalised, but the precocious young poet stoutly defended them, maintaining that the versification at least was unassailable. These were followed at intervals by other poems, which left no doubt of his position in the front rank of modern Italian poets. Many of his verses, such as the ode "O Rus," or the dedication to his old nurse in the "Poema Paradisiaco," are veritable gems of lyric poetry.

But it is chiefly as a novelist that D'Annunzio appeals to the general public. The novel is at present his chosen vehicle of expression, and is best adapted to reveal his curious personality. He has often frankly admitted what his readers would probably have found out for themselves, that his heroes are largely portraits of himself, endowed with his personal views and characteristics. In these portraits, which resemble one another like brothers, D'Annunzio cannot be said to have flattered himself. They are all essentially of one type, somewhat egotistical, somewhat weak, yet undeniably attractive. Like his Andrea Sperelli, in *Piacere*, they all have "a taste for works of art, a passionate cult of beauty, a paradoxical contempt for prejudices, and an avidity for pleasure," and like him they all contain "something of a Don Juan and a Cherubini," with the Don Juan element usually preponderating. It is evident that D'Annunzio is essentially a votary of pleasure, not merely sensual pleasure, as some hostile critics have claimed, but of all forms of enjoyment which can be received through the agency of the five senses. "Praise be to my ancestors," he exclaims in his latest work, the *Vergine delle Rocce*, "who from the remote centuries have transmitted to me their rich and fervid blood. Praise to them now and forever, for the grand wounds they opened, for the grand conflagrations they kindled, for the fair goblets they drained, for the fair garments they wore, for the fair women they enjoyed, for all their slaughters and intoxications, their extravagances and excesses, since thus they formed in me these five senses, in which thou canst vastly and profoundly mirror thyself, O Beauty of the World, as in five vast and profound seas." D'Annunzio's creed, so far as he can be said to have one, is an ardent worship of the beautiful, and his books are a constant apotheosis of art. "Art," he says in *Piacere*, "there the faithful mistress, immortal and forever young; there the fountain of unadulterated joy, forbidden to the multitude, conceded to the elect; there the precious nutriment, which makes man equal to the gods." Of all forms of artistic expression, poetry is his predilection. "Verse is everything," he says. "A perfect verse is absolute, immutable, immortal. It holds the words within itself with the coherence of a diamond; it shuts in a thought as in a perfect circle which no force will avail to break; it becomes independent of all ties and all dominion; it belongs no longer to its creator, but to every one, and to no one, like space, like light, like all things measureless and perpetual."

D'Annunzio is an artist, not only by instinct, but by cultivation. He possesses a practical acquaintance not merely with the recognised masters in the separate fields of art, but with many of obscurer fame, and has evidently given them all much careful consideration. One is often surprised at the maturity and conciseness of his judgment. He is fond of drawing illustrations from the works of his favourite masters. Thus one of his female characters suggests a priestess of Alma Tadema; another recalls "certain feminine profiles in the designs of the young Moreau, or the vignettes of Gravelot;" a third "seemed a creation of Sir Thomas Lawrence, she had in her all those minute feminine graces which are dear to that painter of furbelows, laces and velvets, of gleaming eyes and half-parted lips." He has a special fondness for the early Italian painters, "the simple, noble, grand Primitives," thus Andrea Sperelli's ideal in etching is "to illumine with Rembrandt's light effects the elegance of design of the fourteenth century Florentines of the second generation, such as Sandro Botticelli, Domenico Ghirlandajo and Filipino Lippi." The same ten-

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dency is shown in his preference for the early Florentine poets, Lapo Gianni, Cavalcanti, and Lorenzo de Medici, so that he has sometimes been called the Pre-Raphaelite of poetry. Similarly he is fond of recalling half-forgotten composers, like Paisiello, Antonio Salieri, and Jean Rameau. Among modern poets his favourites include Keats, Shelley, and the Italian Carducci, while in music he is an ardent Wagnerian.

It has been necessary to emphasise the artistic side of D'Annunzio's character, since it forms the keynote of his individuality. He seems to have made a religion of his cult of beauty; in *Andrea Sperelli* "the æsthetic sense had replaced the moral sense," and in the *Vergine delle Rocce* Socrates' assertion that he obeyed no one but God is interpreted, "I yield obedience to naught save those rules of conduct to which I have submitted my free nature, in order to attain my own conception of order and of beauty;" similarly Georgio Aurispa poses, in the *Trionfo della Morte*, as "an ascetic without a god, . . . kneeling before an altar abandoned by the deity." The maxim which the elder Sperelli preaches to his son is that "a man must form his own life as he would form a work of art; the life of a man of intellect must be his own creation; in this lies all true superiority," and similarly Claudio Cantelmo speaks of his own life as "that hidden world of which I am the indefatigable artificer." The isolation of the individual is a favourite thought of D'Annunzio's, and underlies the vein of pessimism which is one of his characteristics. "You are unknown to me," says Georgio to Ippolita, in the *Trionfo;* "like every other human being, you enclose within you a world which is impenetrable for me; and the most ardent passion will never aid me to penetrate it." "Love," he says at another time, "is the greatest of human sorrows, because it is the supreme effort which man makes to issue from the solitude of his own inmost self; an effort useless, like all the rest."

The literary style of D'Annunzio is somewhat hard to analyse. He has the reputation of being the most cosmopolitan of writers, and has been compared in turn with Flaubert and Du Maupassant, Théophile Gautier and Catulle Mendès, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Baudelaire, while his debt to the Russian novelists is undeniable. His quotations are drawn from the most diverse sources; Shakespeare and Goethe, Shelley and Heine, Plato and Zoroaster follow one another in a profusion which would be ostentatious if they were not so apt. But while he borrows from every age and country whatever serves for the moment to elucidate a thought, and while he is broad-minded enough to appreciate and acknowledge the achievements of other nations, D'Annunzio is heart and soul an Italian, with an imperishable faith in the destiny of his race. Andrea Sperelli's highest ambition was to be a Roman prince: "Rome was his great love; not the Rome of the Cæsars, but the Rome of the popes; not the Rome of arches, baths and forums, but the Rome of villas, fountains and churches. He would have given the whole Colosseum for the Villa Medici, the Campo Vaccino for the Piazza di Spagna, the Arch of Titus for the Fountain of the Tortoises." In his latest book D'Annunzio reiterates his faith in the Eternal City: "She alone—whose rocky bosom has been for centuries the pillow of death—she alone is destined to generate sufficient life to impregnate the world a second time;" and again, "Who can ever despair of the fate of the world while Rome is beneath the sky? . . . I believe firmly that the greatest height of future dominion will be that which shall have its base and its apex in Rome." It is obvious that whatever debt D'Annunzio may owe to France or Russia for plot, incident or method, his point of view and local colouring, his vivid and impetuous style of delineation, are all eminently Italian; and no one can appreciate him at his best who is not in sympathy with the Italian temperament.

It is somewhat anomalous to find such a delicate and complex artistic nature in an exponent of the modern naturalistic school, for this is where D'Annunzio's methods logically place him, although he is more usually classed with the psychologists. It is undeniable that the psychological method has a strong fascination for him, and he has evidently been an attentive student of Paul Bourget. His *Piacere* has often been compared with the latter's *Le Disciple*, while the curious duality of Sperelli's love forms a masculine parallel to *Cœur de Femme*. In the *Trionfo della*

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Morte he carries the analysis of motives so far as at times to become wearisome, and puts one in mind of Zola's comment upon Stendhal, "It seems as if all Stendhal's characters must have chronic headaches, he works their brains so hard." In his later works he also shows a leaning towards symbolism, in so far as it consists in attributing to words a meaning beyond their usual and normal signification. But the prevailing feature of his novels is their realism, the daring and at times somewhat brutal realism of Du Maupassant, which depicts both vice and virtue with the same impartial photographic accuracy. Even Paris, which accepts the unspeakable inventions of Catulle Mendès, and has forced Zola's *La Terre* beyond its hundredth edition, is fain to take her D'Annunzio expurgated; the publisher has yet to be found who will assume the responsibility of all the products of his astounding audacity. "A pagan of the time of Nero," is the comparison which M. de Vogüé, the most lenient of critics, has found for him, and it is well applied; nowhere, since the time of the Cæsars, can one find the same daring crudeness side by side with the purest gems of poetic thought.

Some of his earlier sketches have much of Maupassant's morbid intensity, such as the Martyrdom of Gialluca, a poor sailor, who, while on a voyage, has a painful swelling come upon his neck. His comrades convince him that only an operation can save his life, and when, half dead with fright, he trusts himself to their ignorant hands, they fall to work with their pocket-knives with much gusto, and end by literally butchering the poor wretch. Or, again, "The Hero," a young religious fanatic, whose right hand is crushed by the fall of the patron saint, a huge bronze statue, which he and seven companions are carrying in procession, on a religious festival. Convinced that the saint has demanded the sacrifice of the injured member, he staggers after the procession with a knife in his left hand, and in sight of the congregation, who stand mute with horror, proceeds to hack off the crushed and bleeding limb before the very altar. The description of the pilgrimage to the sanctuary at Castelbordino, in the fourth part of the *Trionfo della Morte*, is a hideous triumph of realism; the portrayal of the bands of beggars, cripples, and epileptics, of "all the horrors of human flesh, passing in the light of the sun, before the shrine of the Virgin," rivals the most gruesome scenes which Zola has embodied in his *Lourdes*. A good example of D'Annunzio's morbidness is his description of the elder Aurispa's coarse and sensual nature:

"Stout, florid, powerful, the man seemed to exhale from his whole body a perpetual warmth of carnal vitality. . . . Every gesture, every attitude, had the impetus of an effort, as if the whole muscular system of his great body was in continual struggle with the encumbering fat. His flesh, that coarse stuff, full of veins, of nerves, of tendons, of glands, of bones, full of instincts and necessities; flesh which deforms and sickens, grows sore and callous, and covered with wrinkles, pustules, warts and hairs; that coarse stuff, flesh, flourished in this man with a species of impudence."

D'Annunzio is peculiarly felicitous in his ability to set his characters vividly before the reader; even his lightest sketches of minor characters are always graphic. Compare that of the Japanese secretary in *Piacere*, "who sat gazing at the Duchess di Scirni with the ecstatic expression of a bonze in the presence of his divinity, and whose broad face, which seemed to have come forth from a classic page of the great humorous artist, O-kou-sai, glowed like an August moon;" or the old English voluptuary, Lord Heathcote, gloating over his collection of erotic literature, and "following the lines of the engravings with his whitish finger, strewn with coarse hairs up to the first joint, and terminating in a pointed nail, polished and a trifle livid, like the claw of a monkey." Here is the portrait of a peasant of the Abruzzi:

"He was a one-eyed old man, bald on the top of his head, with a spare tuft of gray hair over each temple, and shaven chin. He held his whole body bent well forward, over his bowed legs. His limbs were deformed by hard labour: the toil of ploughing, which forces up the left shoulder and distorts the chest; the toil of mowing which holds the knees continually wide apart; the toil of pruning, which bends the body double; by all the slow and patient labour of cultivation."

A notable feature of D'Annunzio's realism is the prominence given to the sense of smell, notable because it forms one of the chief charges in Max Nordau's indictment of Zola and his followers. Thus, after his victory in the race, Sperelli "breathed in the hot and acrid exhalation of his horse fully, and of all the delicate perfumes which he had hitherto pre-

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ferred, not one had ever given to his senses a more acute pleasure;" in *Il Marhengi* "the odour of misery, of human warmth in rags, filled the chamber;" in the *Trionfo della Morte* Ippolita habitually exhales "a fitful odour of violets, the well-known odour;" at another time she carries in her hair "a tenacious smell of tobacco, that unpleasant smell with which one becomes impregnated, if he remains long in a room where many men are smoking." The examples might be multiplied indefinitely.

I cannot resist adding one or two more quotations to illustrate the author's powers of scenic description. Here is a typical description of one of those sleepy, mediæval Italian towns which impress themselves indelibly upon one's memory; it is almost Rembrandtesque in its simplicity:

"Orvieto! Have you never been there? Fancy, at the top of a sandstone cliff, overlooking a melancholy valley, a city, so silent as to seem deserted; shutters closed; narrow, gray lanes, where the grass is growing; a capuchin monk, crossing the public square; a bishop, all in black, descending from a carriage, which has stopped before the entrance of a hospital, with a decrepit servant at the carriage-door; a tower rising against a white and rainy sky; and all of a sudden, at the bottom of a street, a miracle, the Duomo."

Like all Italians, D'Annunzio has a profound love of colour. Some of his pages glow with a brilliancy which recalls the canvases of the later Venetian school—Tintoretto, Titian, or Paolo Veronese. Here is a description of the sea from his native coast:

"Oh, the clearness of the marine view in September! The sea, calm and innocent as a child asleep, spreads out beneath an angelic sky of pearl; again it appears all green, of that fine and precious green of malachite; and above it the little red sails resemble flitting flames; again it appears all blue, an intense, almost heraldic azure, furrowed with veins of gold, like lapis-lazuli, and above it the painted sails resemble a procession of standards, gonfalcons and holy ensigns; at times it assumes a diffused metallic lustre, the pallid tint of silver mingled with the greenish tinge of a ripened lemon, something indefinably strange and delicate; and above, the sails are as pure and as countless as the wings of the cherubim in the background of Giotto's altar-pieces."

No criticism of D'Annunzio's style would be complete without a reference to his unique method of applying the Wagnerian principle of the Leit-motive to Italian prose. "Our language," he says in his preface to the *Trionfo della Morte*, "is the joy and the strength of the laborious artificer, who knows it and penetrates it, and draws forth the treasures slowly accumulated from century to century. . . . It has musical elements so varied and efficacious, as to rival the grand Wagnerian orchestra in suggesting what music alone can suggest to the modern soul." The *Trionfo della Morte* is the first book in which this theory is fully worked out, and whatever conclusion philologists may reach as to its merits, the psychological effect of certain rhythmic and reiterated phrases is undeniably impressive. For this reason a translation of the book, no matter how skilfully done, robs it of half its force. In the original the carefully cadenced phrases which stand as the Leit-motives of the separate characters, Aurispa's mother, "whose tired eyes seemed to ask, 'For whom art thou abandoning me?'" his uncle, "the gentle and meditative man, tall, thin, and a little bent, . . . with one white lock over the middle of his forehead," serve the purpose of suggestion as truly as the fire-motive in Siegfried, or the philtre-motive in *Tristan and Isolde*. The wonderful word-picture of the latter opera, in the last part of the *Trionfo della Morte*, is D'Annunzio's best vindication of his high claims for the resources of the Italian language, and if he had never written anything else, ought to insure his fame as a descriptive writer.

D'Annunzio's reputation rests mainly to-day upon three novels: *Piacere*, which appeared in 1886; *L'Innocente*, which followed it in 1891; and *Trionfo della Morte*, published in 1894. They are all three now accessible in French translations. In reply to his critics, who have unanimously deprecated the broadness of his style, D'Annunzio has entitled these three novels his "Romances of the Rose," and promised a second three, of quite a different tone, to be known as the "Romances of the Lily;" "Don Juan repentant," as M. René Doumic remarked ironically in one of his lectures at the Sorbonne last winter. The first of these novels, the *Vergine delle Rocce*, has just issued from the press. In this book D'Annunzio has struck a new vein, in which the poet has gained the mastery over the realist, and the whole work is strongly symbolic. It has, moreover, the unusual merit of being translatable, yet it is bound to be strongly criticised. From a plot so

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meagre as to seem well-nigh trivial, he has produced a masterpiece as surprising in its own way as Michael Angelo's David wrought from the ruined marble. To those readers who demand that a novel, whether of the realistic or the romantic school, shall contain primarily a good story strongly told, the book will be a disappointment. But those who love art for art's sake, and who respect genius whether revealed in a stupendous unity like the *Rougon-Macquart*, or in the simple folk-lore of Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book*, will find a charm in the *Vergine delle Rocce* which successive readings will not diminish. It remains to be seen what his Italian critics will say of D'Annunzio's new departure.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

ON A FRIEND'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

("WAYSIDE," EASTHAMPTON.)

Not few are they whom Mock Queen Anne
  Or Sham Ionic styles entrance,
And still we meet the kind of man
  That likes the Scroll-Saw Renaissance.
But I, averse to all pretence,
  Prefer, to bourgeois halls baronial
And godless fanes, the sober sense
  And beauty of our own Colonial.

I do not like a house that stares
  With upstart pride on all below;
I do not like its bumptious airs
  In balconies, its shop-like show
In plate-glass, nor its *portes-cochères*.
  I do not like a pine château.

I like the kind of house that cleaves
  To mother-earth; I like indrawn
Verandas (under low-hung eaves),
  A step above the shady lawn;
And small-paned windows kissed by sprays
  Of clinging vines on shingled wall,
Whose faded browns and dusky grays
  Are time's, not art's; and over all
A sturdy, old-time gambrel roof,
  Hunching to bear the winter's load.
About, old trees; a bit aloof
  A sunny glimpse of sandy road,
Of tufted sandy dunes, and then
  The sparkling stretches of the sea.

I wrangle not with other men
  Of other minds, but this suits me.

Munroe Smith.

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PLAY WRITERS AND PLAY CENSORS.

In almost every country where the drama is cultivated as an art or as a form of public amusement the State reserves the right to prohibit the production of any play which may be considered dangerous either to the public welfare or to its own dignity. A public functionary is charged with the task of examining the new plays contemplated for production, both his title and his office recalling the Roman magistrates or censors whose duty it was to collect the city taxes and to punish any one who outraged the public morals. In England this censorship is invested in the Lord Chamberlain ; in France it is invested in the Director of the Beaux Arts ; in the more despotic countries, such as Germany and Russia, it is invested in the police.

If, in the matter of individual liberty, the English dramatists have always been three hundred years ahead of their Continental brethren, the English playwright of two centuries ago was considerably hampered by State and social restrictions. In Shakespeare's day and for long afterwards the dramatist dare not employ women to represent his female characters. His very profession was considered disreputable, even disgraceful, and had he dared to make fun of or criticise any influential person he would have risked imprisonment if not worse. He had to fight the prejudice and aggressive enmity of the Puritans. The stirring events on the Continent, politics, and religion were forbidden subjects, and he was not allowed to put into his plays any modern Christian king. During the great plague of 1642 the Lords and Commons commanded the closing of the theatres, and they remained closed until the Restoration, when all restrictions were removed. To curb the unbridled license encouraged by the Merry Monarch, William and Mary once more established a theatrical censorship in 1688, and twenty years later Queen Anne issued a royal order that the strictest supervision should be kept over all stage productions.

Queen Victoria has been more liberal in the matter of plays. She is very fond of the theatre herself, and before the death of the Prince Consort was a constant visitor at the metropolitan play-houses. Even now, whenever any particular play interests her, she summons to Windsor the dramatic company performing it. But although of late years the position of Reader of Plays has been a sinecure for the holder, every theatrical manager in London is obliged to obtain a permit from the Lord Chamberlain before he may produce a new play. It was a long time before the Lord Chamberlain would authorise the presentation on the English stage of the younger Dumas's now famous drama, *La Dame aux Camélias*. The play was first produced in Paris in the sixties, but it was not until 1880 that permission was secured by Madame Modjeska to present an English version of it in London. The permit, moreover, was granted only on condition that Marguerite Gautier should be represented as a widow instead of a *demi-mondaine*, and that the title *Camille* be changed to *Heartsease*, Mr. Pigott, who was at that time Examiner of Plays, being of opinion that the heartsease is a more innocent flower than the camellia !

Quite recently a play by Robert Buchanan, entitled *A New Don Quixote*, incurred the displeasure of Lord Lathom, the present Lord Chamberlain. The play was announced for production at the London Royalty Theatre, of which Arthur Bourchier is manager. The theme of the play is an argument about the real and ideal love discussed between the new Don Quixote and his friend. The woman becomes soiled as the play progresses, but the author declares that his treatment of this part of the piece is such that the most prudish person could not object to it. But Mr. Redford, who reads the plays for the Lord Chamberlain, told Mr. Bourchier that the play must be altered ; to which Mr. Bourchier answered that he was the manager and not the author, and that, therefore, the matter did not rest with him. Mr. Buchanan then wrote to Mr. Redford, who sent back the surprising reply that the Reader of Plays does not recognise authors as such, the manager being considered the culprit. Mr. Bourchier then had an interview with Mr. Redford and Lord Lathom, who, when asked whether they would, supposing Mr. Buchanan

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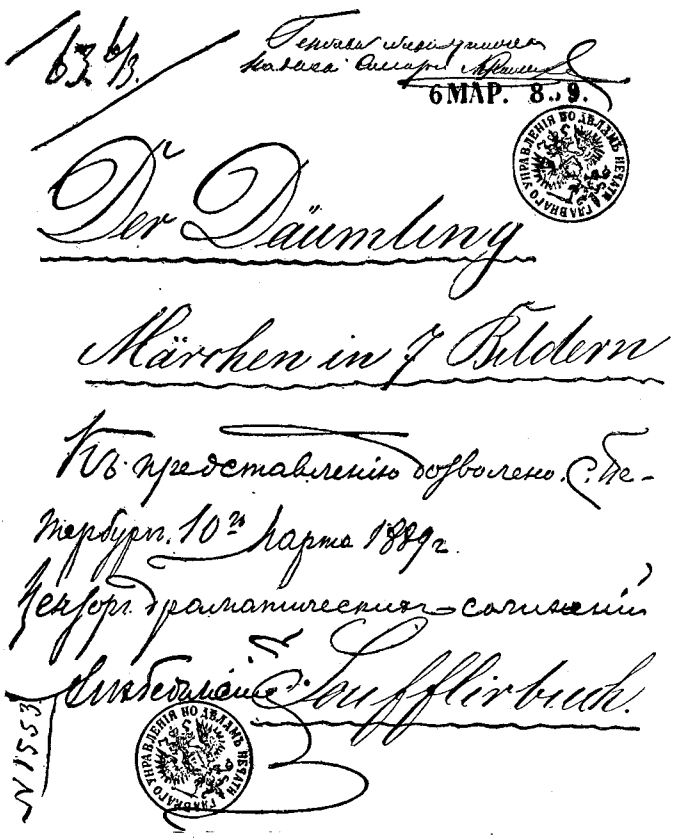
consented to write it, read another version of the same story, condescended to do so. Mr. Buchanan set to work and wrote a new version, only altering the dialogue and leaving the main situation untouched, and this was licensed a few weeks ago.

Some weeks ago George Edwardes, the manager of the London Gaiety Theatre, introduced into his musical comedy, *The Shop-Girl*, a new song written by Henry Hamilton, author of the famous song, *Tommy Atkins*, and in which the German Emperor was alluded to as a "Pinchbeck Cæsar," while the refrain ran, "Hands off, Germany!" The words of the song were printed in the *Daily Telegraph*, and, in view of the strained relations with Germany at the time, they attracted some attention, particularly from the censor. Mr. Redford sent in great haste for the manager, and declared he must either change the words of the song or suppress it altogether. The alterations he insisted upon were that "Pinchbeck Cæsar" should be changed to "Foreign rival," and "Hands off, Germany!" changed to "Hands off, all of you!" The song was already printed, but the corrections were made with ink and the amended copies were circulated in the theatre. The audience, however, defied the censor, insisted on the song being sung as originally written, and when the refrain "Hands off, Germany!" was reached every one joined in the chorus. Probably if the censor had not interfered no one would have attached any importance to the words. As it is, Mr. Redford's action almost precipitated diplomatic correspondence on the subject.



FAC-SIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF A GERMAN PLAY PASSED BY THE RUSSIAN CENSOR AT ST. PETERSBURG.

It is very seldom that the Director of the Fine Arts in France interferes with the production of a play on moral grounds. He does sometimes draw the line at pieces outrageously indecent; but a play has to be pretty bad to call for his interference. As is well known, the pecuniary success of the Paris Théâtre-Libre was largely due to the startling eroticism of some of the plays done by that private society; and when M. Antoine, the actor-manager, attempted to give public performances of those pieces that had shocked even the *boulevardier*, he was prevented from doing so by the official censor.

On the other hand, the French censorship is very strict in regard to plays dealing with politics or involving any foreign power. Thus Sardou's play *Thermidor*, produced in January, 1891, at the Théâtre Français, the first playhouse in the world, was interdicted by the French Government after the second performance on account of the uproar and disorder which had attended each of the first two presentations. Sardou's republicanism has always been viewed with suspicion by the extreme radicals,

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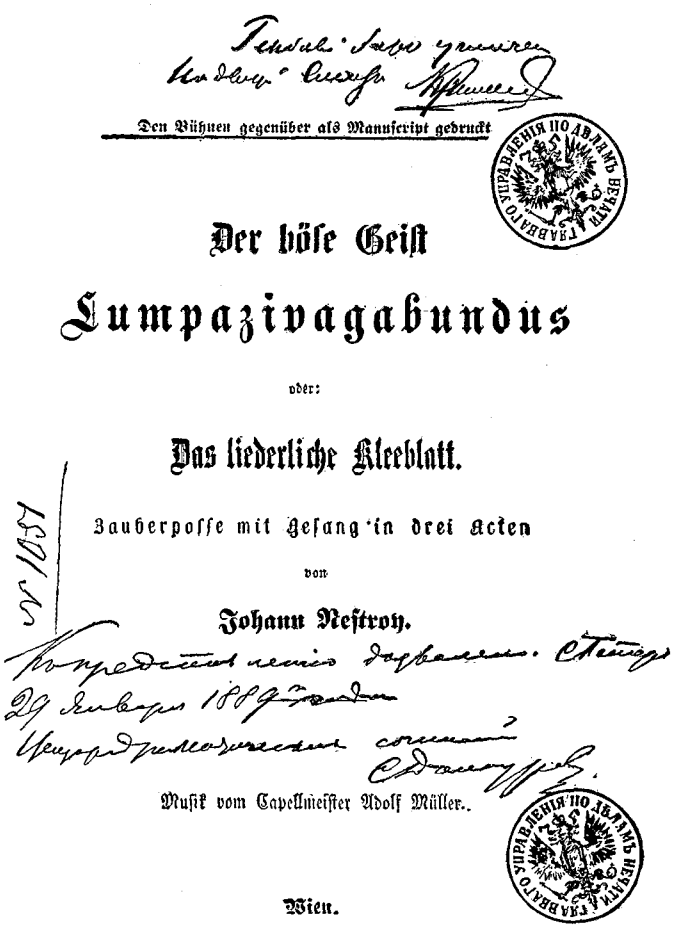

Den Bühnen gegenüber als Manuscript gedruckt

Der böse Geist

Lumpazivagabundus

oder:

Das liederliche Kleeblatt.

Zauberposse mit Gesang in drei Acten

von

Johann Nestroy.

Musik vom Capellmeister Adolf Müller.

Wien.

Verlag der Wallishausser'schen k. k. Hof-Buchhandlung.
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I. Hoher Markt Nr. 1.

FAC-SIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF A VIENNESE PLAY PASSED BY THE RUSSIAN CENSOR AT ST. PETERSBURG.

and they had openly charged, long before *Thermidor* was produced, that Sardou in his new play had intentionally cast opprobrium on the fathers of the republican principle. *Thermidor* is a play of the bloody Reign of Terror, and in it Sardou has made all the scoundrels republicans and all the sympathetic personages aristocrats. That a work of this character, written by an author of notoriously reactionary sentiments, should be produced in a theatre subsidised by the Government was denounced by the excitable "Reds" as an outrage. So a *cabale* was systematically organised with the object of forcing the authorities to prohibit the play, and the scheme succeeded fully. The Français on the second night was filled with a number of street "toughs" and noisy students, and the disturbance they created amounted almost to a riot. The police finally ejected them from the theatre, but the battle was resumed in the street. Sardou at the time made a formal protest against the injustice done him by the Government in allowing a few irresponsible ruffians to dictate what plays should be presented at the national theatre, and the members of the Comédie Française made a similar protest. *Thermidor* was produced a few months later in New York, and proved a very innocuous piece, although, of course, the political feeling which caused the Paris disturbances did not in the least affect our audiences. *Thermidor* is to be revived shortly in Paris by M. Coquelin, but it will be done at the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, which is not a subsidised house.

About four years ago Henri de Bornier, the well-known member of the French Academy, wrote a play in verse on the subject of Mohammed. It was accepted for production at the Théâtre Français, and was about to be performed when at the eleventh hour the Turkish Ambassador intimated to the Minister of Foreign Affairs that the production of the play would be offensive to the Sublime Porte. Strenuous efforts were made to convince the Sultan that the play in no way reflected upon the Mohammedan religion, but the Unspeakable Turk was obstinate, and the French censor revoked the license.

Plays in which Nihilism or Socialism are glorified come also under the ban in France, and the censorship has also had to interfere with the production of opera. Six years ago the works of Wagner were

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known in France only by name. Hating the German by instinct, the Frenchman hates Wagner even more for some insult that the composer is said to have put upon France shortly before the Franco-German War. But art knows no limitation of frontier, and Wagner's music could not be kept entirely out of France. Pasdeloup and Lamoureux began to play Wagnerian selections at their fashionable concerts, and about 1888 the Wagnerian cult began to take root in the Parisian musical world. Then a company was formed to produce *Lohengrin* on a grand scale at the Eden Théâtre. That naturally was the signal for the chauvinistic newspapers to begin to howl. The street rabble, always eager for a fray, took up the cry, and on the evening of the first performance of the opera they made a demonstration in front of the theatre, yelling like Indians. The police dispersed them, but the next night they returned in greater numbers, and a pitched battle took place in the adjoining Place de l'Opéra. "*A bas Wagner!*" "*A bas le Prussien!*" shouted the mob. The police were powerless, and the soldiers were sent for. It was almost a revolution. In view of this popular excitement, and fearful of offending Germany, the French Government notified the management of the Eden Théâtre to cease the performances.

It is in Germany, Austria, and Russia, and all their dependencies that the play censor is to be found enthroned in all his despotic majesty. The German dramatist in this respect has no greater freedom of speech or action than the editor of any German newspaper. Both have the same spectre, *Majestätsbeleidigung*, hovering over them as they write.

Prior to 1869, when the *Theater Freiheit* was proclaimed, there was no theatrical liberty in Germany, and to this day there is no theatrical liberty in Austria or Russia. Each playhouse is under the direct supervision of the State; certain theatres have a monopoly of certain kinds of plays, and in the smaller provincial towns only one theatre may be built. The legitimate drama may be given only at the Stadt Theater in the larger cities; and before theatrical freedom was accorded in Germany, no private individual was allowed to present grand opera in Berlin, that privilege being monopolized by the Royal Theatre. All the travelling circuses had to pay an indemnity to the theatre in the towns in which they played.

At the fashionable Hof-Burg Theater in Vienna in the sixties the manager was not permitted to perform some of Shakespeare's plays until certain changes had been made in them. For instance, when *King Lear* was performed the old king was not allowed to die, for the Austrian censor held that it was treasonable to admit that a king could die insane! The censor was likewise very particular regarding the use of certain titles in plays. When Schiller's play, *Love and Intrigue*, was done originally at the Hof-Burg Theater, the Censor insisted on the title of one of the characters, Präsident von Walter, being changed to Major Domos. His argument was that as the title "Präsident" was used in the different State Councils, it would tend to cheapen it if it were used promiscuously on the stage.

Although Germany is supposed to enjoy theatrical liberty, the State throws many obstacles in the way of the ambitious manager, to say nothing of the censor, who is itching to attack the playwright. At the present day, especially in Berlin, any person desiring to become a manager of a theatre has to secure a permit or "concession" from the police. Before this permit is issued the applicant must convince the police of his financial responsibility and also of his high moral character. If the applicant happens to be a Jew, that is considered a proof of moral perversion. Two years ago a man named Lipschuetz took a lease of the Berliner Theater. He made contracts for plays and scenery and engaged a number of actors, after which he made the customary application to the police for a "concession." The police said he must show that he had a capital of 300,000 marks. He had a large proportion of this sum, but was unable to make up the difference, and the fact that he was prevented from securing the theatre after he had made all his engagements so preyed upon his mind that he shot himself while on the train from Munich toBerlin.

Since the development of the so-called advanced drama in Germany the State censor has become more strict than ever. William II. is particularly sensitive about plays. He will forgive a newspaper attack rather than a sarcastic allusion in a play. A case in point was Gerhardt Hauptmann's drama, *Die Weber*,

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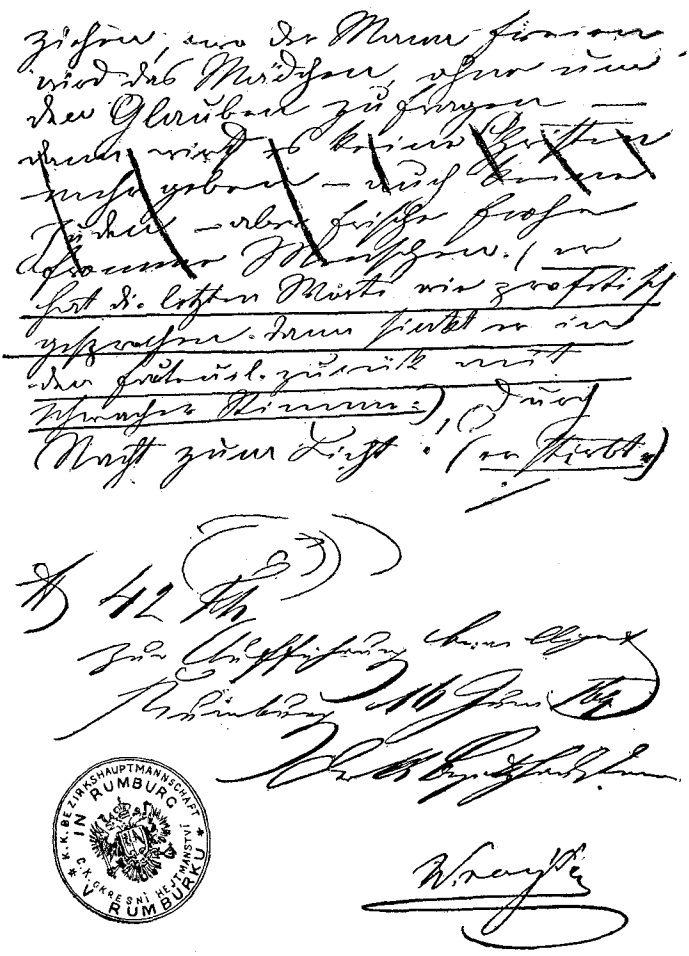

FAC-SIMILE PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT OF RODERICK FELS'S DRAMA, "DER LETZTE JUDE" (THE LAST JEW). THE PASSAGE STRICKEN OUT WAS OBJECTED TO BY THE CENSOR. THE PERMIT GIVEN LATER READS, "42 FLORINS FEE: LICENSED FOR PRODUCTION."

performed privately originally at the Berlin Frei Theater, and done later in public at the Deutsches Theater, a semi-official house. The play depicts the hard lives of the old-time Silesian weavers, and paints with a masterly hand their sufferings and their wrongs. The weavers rise against their taskmasters, and the work to some extent is a glorification of the rising of the proletariat, although Hauptmann has always denied this. It is, nevertheless, surprising that a play so decidedly revolutionary in tone should have escaped the attention of the German censor. The Deutsches Theater is not directly subsidised by the German Government, but the Kaiser supports it indirectly by attending the performances and by paying a liberal price for his private box, which is decorated with the imperial coat-of-arms. The Emperor was not present at the production of *Die Weber*, but what he heard about the piece incensed him so much that he at once cancelled his annual subscription, and sent two of his equerries to remove the imperial escutcheon from his box. The manager sent the equerries away, saying he would instruct his own men to remove the coat-of-arms. The equerries, however, soon returned, saying that their royal master had commanded them in great wrath to tear the coat-of arms down at once with their own hands.

Max Halbe's play, *Jugend*, which New York recently swallowed without a murmur, was recently suppressed throughout Austria, and even a play by Wildenbruch, the uncrowned Poet Laureate of Germany, entitled *Der General Feldoberst*, has been interdicted.

Reproduced in this article is a page from the manuscript of Roderick Fels's drama, *The Last Jew*. The black pen strokes were made by the official censor at Leitmeritz, Bohemia, when the play was produced there in 1870. The passage stricken out read as follows:

DAVID: "Believe me, there will come a time when every human being will be permitted to express freely the creed of his heart, when there will be no laws to restrict human love, and when a man will be able to ask a girl to be his wife without first enquiring as to her religion. Then there will be no Christians and no Jews. We shall all be happy and pious human beings."

The censor, or, as he is called there, the "Bezirkshauptmann," when he made these erasures remarked that it was preposterous to ask for a permit for an actor to be allowed to say on the public stage that there would come a time when there would be no Christians. The

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manager of the theatre took the liberty of reminding the official that Lessing had already expressed a similar sentiment in his play, *Nathan the Wise*, and that Mosenthal had done the same in his play, *Deborah*. "The passage merely means," said the manager, "that a time will come when there will be no distinction of creed."

"But," objected the official, decisively and authoritatively, "we want to have Christians!"

In Russia the Government censorship is even more arbitrary, particularly in Russian-Poland, where the slightest word in a play that might be construed into a reference to the conquest of the country is carefully eradicated. For instance, the opera *William Tell* is never permitted to be played under that title, but is called *Charles the Bold*. They do not allow the word "king" to be used in any play performed in Poland. He must be made a duke. The words "liberty" and "freedom" are also under the ban, for the Russian Government is perhaps afraid that if the Poles heard these words too frequently they might be tempted to take them seriously. The word "slave" is also not allowed, but is changed into "nigger." When the Emperor of Germany met the Emperor of Russia in Warsaw some years ago, *Hamlet* was being performed at one of the Warsaw theatres. The local censor, full of zeal, and probably wishing to spare his sovereign the humiliation of the royal family murder, which is, of course, the story of *Hamlet*, quickly had the Shakespeare play removed and a ballet substituted. This latter entertainment was probably more suited to their majesties' mental equipment than *Hamlet*, for the Russian Czars have never been particularly fond of the serious drama. When Alexander II. was Czar, it was noticed that he always went to sleep during the performance of a tragedy, so it became the custom while he lived to introduce a short comic play during the interludes of the tragedy. The comic play always had the effect of waking him up.

Those readers of this article who have been congratulating themselves that we in America are spared all these petty vexations that beset the manager and the playwright in Europe are labouring under a delusion, for we have a censor in this city of New York who is just as rigid as the dense and autocratic censor in Russia. I refer to Elbridge T. Gerry, who attempted—happily without success—to stop the production in this city of Gerhardt Hauptmann's beautiful dream-play, *Hännele*. The play was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on April 30th, 1894, and ran only four weeks; but those who were fortunate enough to see it will remember it as one of the most beautiful and artistic productions ever seen in this country. The play—which made Hauptmann famous—is divided into two parts. In the first part we see the wretched interior of a country almshouse. The sordid inmates are chattering and quarrelling, when Gottwald, the village schoolmaster, enters, bearing the child Hännele in his arms. Hännele is the unhappy child of a rough, drunken brute called Mattern, who has half starved her, beaten her, and goaded her to drown herself. The teacher, who has rescued her, lays the dying child on a bed, and there, in her delirium, visions come to Hännele. She fancies she sees her dead mother, her bestial father. By a succession of poetic artifices and novel stage effects the action is made to pass alternately from earth, from the dark room in the almshouse to the world of fancy or of faith beyond the region of the real. Angels, bright and sombre, appear to little Hännele. A Sister of Mercy who watches by her bedside puts on wings, and seems to lead her to Death, the death to which the Sister tells her she must come before she enters into heaven. Then, still hovering between the natural and the supernatural, we hear requiems sung for the dead little martyr. A Stranger, clad in the garb of a workingman, barefooted, draped in a long robe, having, as it were, the face of the teacher Gottwald, but with a divine compassion and majesty about him, takes his place among the mourners. Mattern, the child's father, is confronted with this Stranger. The bystanders threaten him and call him "murderer." The Stranger gently bids him own his sins; the bully refuses, storms, and blasphemes. Thunder is heard; a flower in the child's hand is illuminated. The mourners cry, "A miracle!" and flee. Then the Stranger lifts Hännele's affliction from her, and the scene changes for the time to the eternal realm of bliss. Once more the scene shifts—this time from heaven back to the interior of the

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Stranger
(Simply)
Thy daughter lies here, sick!

Mattern
She don't want no doctors to cure her complaint. She's lazy, that's wot's the matter with her. I'll cure her, and mighty quick, too, if she don't stop skulkin'!

Stranger
(Loftily)
Mattern the Mason, I come to thee as a messenger!

Mattern
A messenger? ~~And who sent you, eh?~~

Stranger
~~I come from the Father, and I go unto the Father! What hast thou done with His child?~~

Mattern
P'raps you know where she's a-hidin' herself better than I do. What are his children to me? He don't seem to trouble hisself much about them, anyway.

Stranger
(Directly)
There is one dead within these walls!

Mattern
(Sees Hannele, approaches the coffin silently and looks in, muttering)

FAC-SIMILE PAGE OF MS. OF "HÄNNELE," SHOWING PASSAGE STRICKEN OUT BY MR. GERRY.

almshouse. We see the teacher, the Sister of Mercy, and a doctor bending over the poor child. "Is she dead?" asks the Sister. "Dead," says the doctor. And the play is at an end.

Carl and Theodore Rosenfeld, the managers, who had the moral and artistic courage to stage this beautiful play in this city, had chosen for the part of Hännele a young girl named Alice Pierce, who was just one year under the age permitted under the law regulating the appearance of children on the stage. It was this that brought the play *Hännele* to the notice of Mr. Gerry as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Mr. Gerry had already allowed the girl to appear in other plays, and it was not thought that he would make any objection to her appearing in *Hännele*. But the managers did not know Mr. Gerry. He refused to give Alice Pierce a permit to appear, saying it had been reported to him that the play was blasphemous. Messrs. Rosenfeld asserted most vigorously that the report was false, and they invited Mr. Gerry to come to one of the rehearsals and see for himself. Mr. Gerry arranged to come the following morning at eleven o'clock, and he arrived at the Fifth Avenue Theatre attired in the fur cap which he seems to have adopted as a uniform. The managers said the rehearsal would begin at once. Mr. Gerry declared then that he had no time to stay for a rehearsal, but said he would prefer to look through the manuscript of the play, or the "libretto," as he called it. He walked upon the stage, waving the awe-stricken actors out of his path, and sat down at a little table in the centre of the stage and once more demanded the "libretto."

Mr. Gerry bade Mr. Rosenfeld give him "the right libretto, and not any specially prepared one." Then he began to read the play. Presently he stopped at a line and said, "I object to that!" He went on reading, and ex-

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claimed again, "I object to that!" At the same time he took from his pocket a pencil and drew lines through the offensive passage. The original page of manuscript showing the passage stricken out by Mr. Gerry is reproduced in this article. Finally, when he had finished reading the play, or, rather, had hurriedly glanced through it—for it only took him ten minutes—the managers timidly asked whether he would withdraw his objection if the passages pointed out were modified. Mr. Gerry declared that he objected to the whole play, and that he didn't care a snap whether their Catholic Majesties, the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, or the Kaiser Wilhelm, of Germany, had sanctioned and approved the play as being highly moral and religious. He declared that, in his opinion, it was blasphemous, and that "not only should he not allow Alice Pierce to appear, but intimated that he would use every effort in his power to stop the public production of the play. He at once addressed to Mayor Gilroy a letter, in which, among other charges, he said :

"Then (and this the most impious part of the whole piece) a personage, who is none other than Our Blessed Lord, but who is described in the manuscript as a 'Stranger,' appears on the scene with the auxiliaries of unnatural light, etc.; and in His own words from Holy Writ performs a miracle and resurrects the child, presumptively dead, from the coffin. The play begins with the name of Our Blessed Lord and finishes with His personal appearance. Not only is such a performance one which should be suppressed by law in all its details, but, so far as the child is concerned, if she were allowed to take part in it, all persons in any wise assisting or promoting her to do so would be liable to arrest under section 289 of the Penal Code."

In answer to this document the Rosenfelds sent a reply, of which the following is a short extract :

"If, at this time, we are to reverse the existing order of things and substitute a censorship in place of intelligent public sentiment and opinion, let us at least have official, responsible censorship that shall be amenable to an enlightened public opinion and of which the public shall have a chance to get rid when its bigotry, incompetency, or attempts to lead the public have been exposed."

A public hearing before Mayor Gilroy followed a few days later. Mr. Gerry was there, and also Gerhardt Hauptmann, who does not understand our language, and who could only guess vaguely what the proceedings were about. Mr. Gerry thundered against what he termed the blasphemy of the play, and Hauptmann, through an interpreter, told how in Germany the play had incurred the enmity of the free thinkers because, they said, it was too religious. Mayor Gilroy, after a hot discussion, announced that he, too, thought the play blasphemous, and therefore denied the application.

The Rosenfelds secured another actress to play the part and pushed forward the preparations for the production. Meantime, those who had declared the play immoral were exerting every effort to prevent the play being given. The whole machinery of Tammany Hall was put in motion. Archbishop Corrigan and the entire Roman Catholic Church used their influence. There was a rumour that the police commissioners, acting on orders from high places, were preparing to step in at the last moment and arrest every one concerned in the production. This was not an idle rumour, but came as a hint from some one in the confidence of the police. Meantime, the managers had not been idle. Their lawyers set to work to prepare affidavits showing that the play was not immoral, but, on the contrary, exceedingly moral, until finally they succeeded in securing an injunction from the Supreme Court against the police commissioners. The play was produced before an enthusiastic audience and amid such cheering and applause as the Fifth Avenue Theatre had never known. The following day the New York *Herald*, voicing the general sentiment of the press, said :

"I make no hesitation in saying that were *Hännele* continued to be given the theatre would be crowded night after night. Not by the ordinary amusement public, perhaps, but by the very people who are most noted for their piety. Churches would resound with its praises on the Sabbath. Ministers would exhort their flocks to witness the saintly play, and the Christian Endeavor Society might even reassemble here in all its strength for the purpose of seeing *Hännele*."

Arthur Hornblow.

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AN OPINION ON TENNYSON.*

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Towards the close of 1843, Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning, was assiduously helping Richard Henry Horne in writing the two volumes of critical essays published in 1844 under the title of *A New Spirit of the Age*. In 1877 were published two volumes of *Letters of Elizabeth Browning, addressed to Richard Hengist Horne . . . with Comments on Contemporaries.*† In this work much information is given as to the authorship of various parts of *A New Spirit of the Age*, as, for example, that the article on Tennyson was partly by Miss Barrett. In a letter extending from page 186 to page 193 of Volume I., the poetess says that a certain proof is returned "to-day, because I foresee that even if I detain it till to-morrow I shall not have time to write about Tennyson. So my words about him must follow instead of accompanying it." Mr. Horne annotates the passage thus: "This refers to the article on Tennyson which was written by me, and sent in proof-sheets for Miss Barrett to interpolate." And certainly the article is mainly Horne's, though with great indebtedness to his coadjutor, and probably a good deal more than can be demonstrated. It is doubtful, however, whether there was much, if any, "interpolation" on proof-sheets in this case. What she proposed to write and did write was a substantive small essay—which she called "An Opinion," and sent to Horne with the following letter:

My dear Mr. Horne,—I send you "an opinion" on Tennyson. Use it or do not use it. He is a divine poet; but I have found it difficult (in the examination of my own thoughts of him) to analyse his divinity and to determine (even to myself) his particular aspect as a writer. What is the reason of it? It never struck me before. A true and divine poet nevertheless.

Have you a portrait of him? I hope so.

Ever yours,
E. B. B.

Mrs. Orme is better.

The "Opinion" was written upon post octavo paper on one side only; and the leaves were numbered in a business-like manner. How many there were, cannot now be stated with certainty; for Horne cut most of them up for convenience of intermixture with his own copy—fastening the heterogeneous mass together with wafers. The manuscript thus produced is in the library of Mr. Buxton Forman. It starts with five pages of Horne's "copy;" and then comes the first leaf of Miss Barrett's "Opinion," unaltered, and reading as follows:

"The name of Alfred Tennyson is pressing slowly, calmly, but surely,—with certain recognition but no loud shouts of greeting,—from the lips of the discerners of poets, of whom there remain a few even in the cast iron ages, along the lips of the less informed public, 'to its own place' in the starry house of names. That it is the name of a true poet, the drowsy public exerts itself to acknowledge; testifying with a heavy lifting of the eyelid, to its consciousness of a new light in one of the nearer sconces. This poet's public is certainly awake to him,—although you would not think so. And this public's poet, standing upon the recognition of his own genius, begins to feel the ground firm beneath his feet,—after no worse persecution than is comprised in those charges of affectation, quaintness and mannerism, which were bleated down the ranks of the innocent 'sillie' critics as they went one after another to water. Let the toleration be chronicled to the honor of England. And who knows?—There may be hope from this, and a few similar instances of misprision of the high treason of poetry, that our country may conclude her grand experience of a succession of poetical writers unequalled in the modern world, by learning some ages hence to know a poet when she sees one."

It would have been worth while to rescue this relic connected with the names of three poets, if only to establish that an inapposite epithet which appeared in the foregoing passage as printed in *A New Spirit of the Age* was not chargeable to Mrs. Browning. In the book we read "the stony house of names:" what she wrote was "the starry house of names." Horne would not have misread the adjective, had he copied his correspondent's manuscript; but his printer did; and the error was not discovered. The last eight words of the passage are not of positively certain origin; but it is hardly to be doubt-

* Reprinted from Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† London, Richard Bentley and Son. Horne's second name was Henry: the substitution of Hengist was a latter-day fancy of his.

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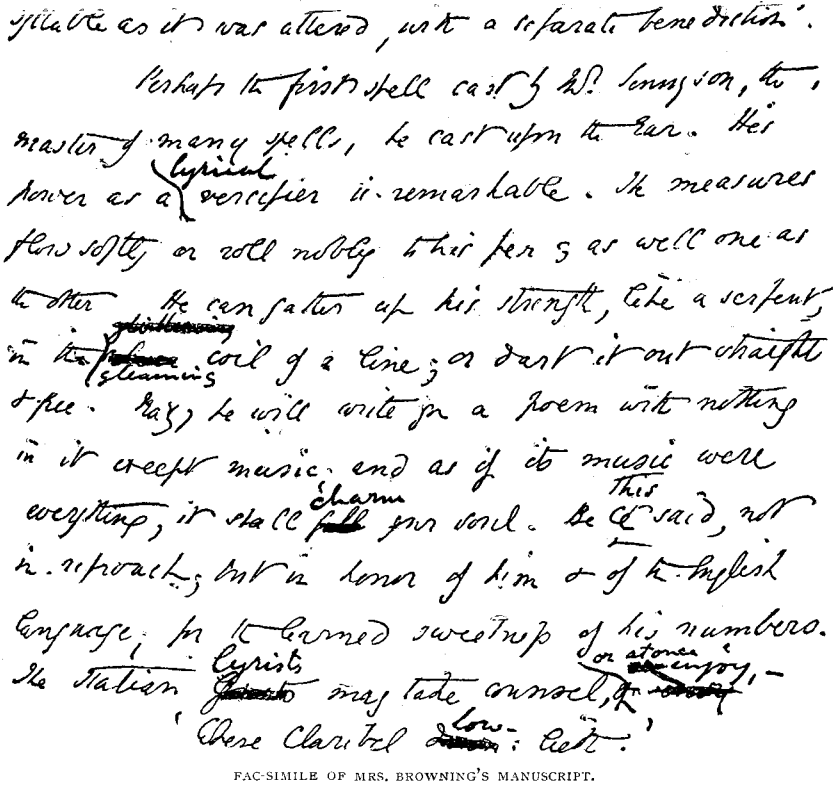
ed that Mrs. Browning finished the sentence as shown. The final word on the leaf, however, is "learning," the words "some ages hence to know a poet when she sees him" being on different paper in Horne's writing. He then goes on for about nine pages of his manuscript till he reaches the following passage :



FAC-SIMILE OF MRS. BROWNING'S MANUSCRIPT.

"But Tennyson and Shelley, more particularly, walk in the common daylight in their 'singing clothes'; they are silver voiced when they ask for salt, and say 'good-morrow to you' in a cadence. They each have a poetical dialect; [here come in two more pieces of the poetess's 'Opinion,' viz.] not such a one as Wordsworth deprecated when he overthrew a system; not a conventional poetical idiom, but the very reverse of it—each poet fashioning his phrases upon his own individuality; and speaking as if he were making a language thus, for the first time, under those 'purple eyes' of the muse, which tinted every syllable as it was uttered, with a separate benediction.

"Perhaps the first spell cast by Mr. Tennyson, the master of many spells, he cast upon the ear. His power as a versifier is remarkable. The measures flow softly or roll nobly to his pen; as well one as the other. He can gather up his strength, like a serpent, in the silver coil of a line; or dart it out straight and free. Nay, he will write you a poem with nothing in it except music; and as if its music were everything it shall fill your soul. Be this said, not in reproach; but in honour of him and of the English language, for the learned sweetness of his numbers. The Italian poets may take counsel and envy

'Where Claribel down-lieth.'"

From the fact that Mrs. Browning wrote "down-lieth" for "low-lieth," it seems clear that she adopted the rash plan of quoting from memory. Horne was on the alert here, at all events; for, on these two portions of the manuscript of his correspondent, besides making one or two other verbal changes, he corrected the quotation. After this he goes on by himself for some twenty pages. Though the following paragraph commences in his writing, it is probably all hers :

"Tennyson seldom uses the *ego* of poet-dom; and when he does you generally find that he does not refer to himself, but to some imaginary person. He permits the reader to behold the workings [the sentence ends in Miss Barrett's writing, two more pieces of her dismembered essay following here] of his individuality, only by the reflex action. He comes out himself to sing a poem and goes back again; or rather sends his song out from his shadow under the leaf as other nightingales do; and refuses to be expansive to his public and open his heart on the hinge of music as other poets do. We know nothing of him except that he is a poet; and this, although it is something to be sure, does not help us to pronounce distinctly upon what may be called the mental intention of his poetry.

"Whatever he writes is a complete work; he holds the unity of it as firmly in his hands as his Œnone's Paris holds the apple—and there is nothing broken or incomplete in his two full volumes. But for all this unity of every separate poem produced by him, there is or appears to be some vacillation of intention, in his poetry as a mass. To any question upon the character of his works, the reply rises obviously,—they are from dreamland; and of the majority of those which he has since produced, the same answer should be returned. The exceptive instances are like those of one who has not long awakened from his dreams. But what dreams these have been, of what loveliness of music, form, and colour,

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and what thought—our foregoing remarks have very faintly expressed and declared. In the absence of any marked and perceptible design in his poetical faith and purposes, Tennyson is not singular. It would be equally difficult to decide the same question with regard to several others; nor perhaps is it necessary to be decided. As the matter rests in this instance, we have the idea of a poet (these volumes in our hands) not in a fixed attitude; not resolute as to means, not determined as to end—sure of his power, sure of his activity, but not sure of his objects. There appears to be some want of the sanctification of a spiritual consistency. We seem to look on while a man stands in preparation for a noble course—while he tries the edge of his various arms and examines the wheels of his chariots, and meditates full of youth and capability down the long slope of glory. The figure occurred to us suddenly, as an eagle might fly to our left hand; and, as admirers of Mr. Tennyson, we accept the omen. One thing is sure. He has lived long enough for the world not to let him die; and to good purpose enough already, to secure the perpetual vibration of the silver chord of time, under the hand of another English poet."

Horne's writing reappears in the words "they are from dreamland" and extends to "as the matter rests in this instance we have," after which there are two more pieces of Miss Barrett's copy, forming what was probably the close of her "Opinion."

The chances are that, whether she "interpolated" a proof or not, she saw one; for either she or Horne rejected, after all, the concluding words of the foregoing passage, which do not appear in *A New Spirit of the Age*. There is little doubt that a good deal of what is in Horne's autograph is really hers, gathered either from her letters or copied from those pieces of the manuscript "Opinion" which were not subjected to the wafering process. The whole essay is a perfectly legitimate example of collaboration; Horne acted with full authority from his colleague; and if, on the whole, we would prefer to have her undiluted "Opinion," we must remember that in 1844 Horne was eminent as a man of letters, while Miss Barrett was by no means the fixed star in public estimation that she has since become under the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

TANGLED IN STARS.

Tangled in stars, and spirit-steeped in dew
The city worker to his desk returns;
While 'mid the stony streets remembrance burns
Like honeysuckle running through and through
A barren hedge. He lifts his load anew,
And carries it amid the thronging ferns
And crowding leaves of memory, while yearns
Above him once again the open blue.

His letter-littered desk goes up in flowers.
The world recedes, and backward dreamily
Come days and nights like jewels rare and few;
And while the consciousness of those bright hours
Abides with him, we know him yet to be
Tangled in stars, and spirit-steeped in dew.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

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ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"The radiance of the beautiful was blent
E'en with thine earliest dream."

In the spirituality of life that characterised Elizabeth Barrett Browning genius assumes its highest form ; and it is in this spiritualisation of human life that Mrs. Browning is seen apart from all other great modern poets. In her expression she has embodied a potency of influence which the world is only beginning to recognise and estimate aright. Among women poets she easily stands supreme, and there are passages in her work which surpass anything that has been given to the world since Shakespeare. Nor is this assertion a mere trick of phrasing that should shrink abashed before so lofty a presence. It is but a simple expression of truth. Spirituality of life is the condition of being more alive, of possessing swifter sympathy and finer insight, of holding a truer relation to progress. "I am come that ye might have life more abundant," said the Christ, and spirituality might fitly be defined as the condition of higher sensibility and responsiveness.

Kant tells us that the other world is not another place, but another view. Accepting this, it is evident that Elizabeth Barrett lived, even as a child, in the other world. The picture of the delicate little girl sitting on the floor of her large, oriel-windowed chamber leaning against the wall, her dark, clustering hair falling over her shoulders, and the prismatic light from the pictured window enveloping her in its glory as she held with one hand her doll, with the other a Greek book, haunts the imagination. What manner of spirit was thus embodied ?

"I lived with visions for my company."

From the time we catch the first glimpse of the child in her earliest home, Hope End, in Herefordshire, till she fades from mortal vision in the blue shadows of the Arno hills, we see her only as a spirit passing. Her form of greatness was that which touched only the enduring realities, never the superficial aspects of life.

Elizabeth Barrett was born in Durham on March 6th, 1809, the daughter of Edward Moulton (later Moulton-Barrett) and Mary Graham. In her infancy the family removed to Hope End, in which the lofty chamber with the stained-glass oriel window was called "Elizabeth's room." At the age of eight she was reading Homer ; and from that time to her fifteenth year life flowed on for her in this idyllic place with its great gardens. Later she pictured it in the lines :

"Green the land is where my daily
Steps in jocund childhood played ;
Dimpled close with hill and valley,
Dappled very close with shade,
Summer snow of apple blossoms
Running up from glade to glade."

Here her sensitive nature took vivid impressions of the exquisite romance of the scenery. Her father directed her studies. She became proficient in Greek and devoured Shakespeare. Mr. Barrett was a man of note in Ledbury. In the words of Shelley, he was "the friend of the unfriended poor," and he would hold meetings to speak to the people when it was most unusual for a man of wealth to so concern himself. By his side was always this delicate child, with her large, dark eyes gazing at him with reverent love, and a shower of curls hiding her upturned face.

"It was impossible," said Lady Henry Somerset, whose home at Eastnor Castle is in this region, and who told me the local traditions of the Barretts, "it is impossible that the daughter of such a father should not have early imbibed a sympathy with the lot of the downtrodden ; and just as the memory of Herefordshire scenes remained too strong upon her for all the splendours of beauty in Italy to dim, so, too, the lessons she learned in Ledbury streets stayed with her as the undertone of her genius."

Subsequent changes came whose details are not of importance, and the family home was finally transferred to London. Miss Mitford, who had come to know and love Miss Barrett, said of her in 1830 : "If she be spared to the world, you will see her passing all women and most men as a dramatic and narrative poet." Yet such was her wonderful charm that this same friend and critic said, too, that those who knew her best were apt altogether to lose sight of her

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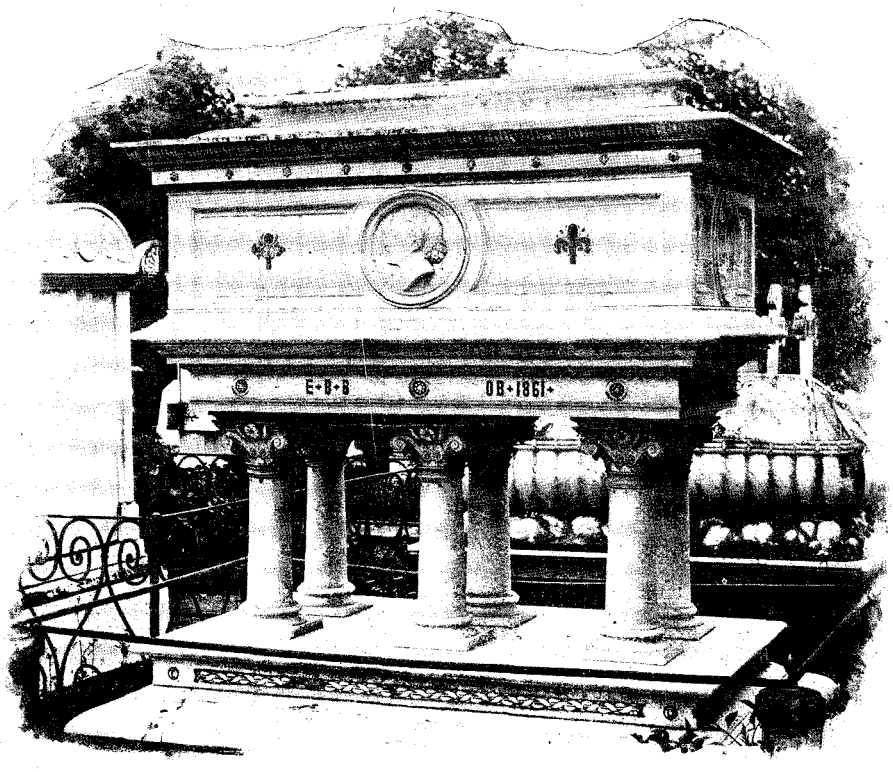

MRS. BROWNING'S MONUMENT IN THE CEMETERY AT FLORENCE.

learning and of her genius, and think of her only as the most charming person in the world.

The story of the meeting and the courtship of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett is too well known to need repetition here. It was in September of 1866 that they were married in the parish church of Marylebone, and after an interval of a week (during which time, according to Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Browning did not try to see her, as he could not bear the hypocrisy of asking for her by her maiden name) she stole downstairs when the family were at dinner and joined him, and they crossed to Paris that night. That Mr. Barrett never forgave his daughter was her lifelong sorrow, but so far as the story can be given to the world it is already familiar. Although before her marriage, which took place in her thirty-eighth year, she had achieved fame, her real life, her true achievements, were to come after that event. Up to the time when she went, a fairy bride, to Italy

—"with smells of oleander in her hair"—

she had lived the life of invalid seclusion, peopled by visions and dreams. Yet into this charmed silence, where the echoes of outer life came not, were voices that spoke to her, and she had produced "Prometheus Bound," "The Seraphim," "A Drama of Exile," many of her greatest lyrics, and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

Marriage was to her the crossing of the mystic line that defined the boundaries between the land of dreams and the land of reality. Her marriage journey reminds us of the bearing of Brunhilde by her lover through the sacred fire that encircled and enchanted her. She expressed all her feeling in the lines :

"I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near, sweet view of heaven for earth with thee."

There were sojourns in Paris, in Pisa, and in Rome ; but it was in Casa Guidi, in Florence, that her life was practically lived—the Guidi Palace, opposite the church of San Felice, "for good omen," she said. Here, on March 9th, 1869, was born their son. Robert Barrett

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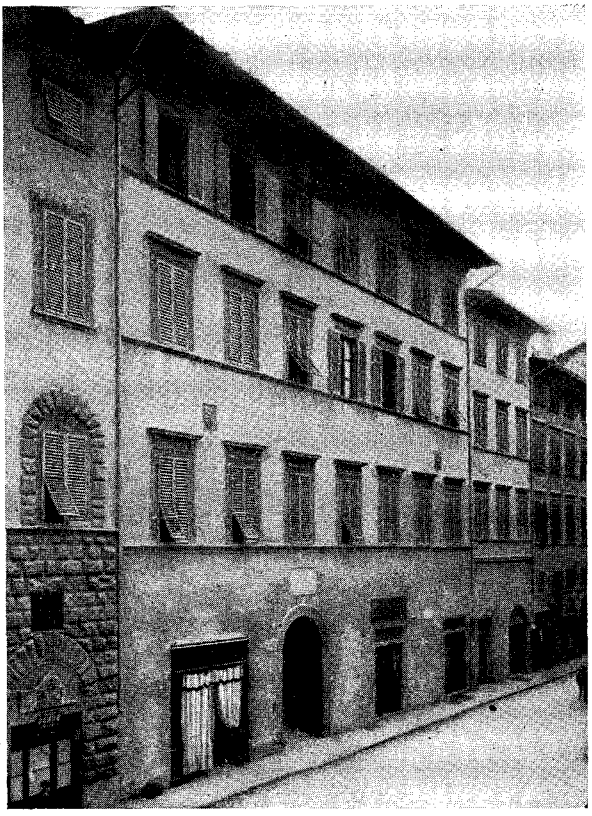
Browning. Life grew constantly sweeter to her. They drive, they loiter in the sunshine, they see the door "where Tasso stood and where Dante drew his chair out to sit." They visit Venice, and she finds it "a celestial place," where "the silver trails of water lie between all that gorgeous colour and carving; the enchanting silence, the music, the gondolas," held her with a spell. They were in Florence again during the last days that Margaret Fuller Ossoli was there before her fatal voyage; and Margaret left for the infant Robert a Bible inscribed with the words, "In memory of Angelo Ossoli."

There were journeys to Rome where they met and were intimate with the Storys; where they knew Fanny Kemble, Harriet Hosmer, and other interesting people; and there, in 1855, Miss Hosmer took the cast of the "Clasped Hands" of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, of which Hawthorne wrote as being the perfect symbol of their wedded lives. Later they passed a little time in London, where on September 27th, 1855, Tennyson read his new poem, "Maud," to Mrs. Browning; and Rossetti, who was present, sketched in pen and ink the head of the Laureate.



THE HOUSE IN THE CASA GUIDI, FLORENCE, WHERE MRS. BROWNING LIVED AND DIED.

The most perfect pen picture ever given of Mrs. Browning is one almost universally ascribed to Story, but really written by Kate Field. Miss Field as a child had been placed in charge of Miss Isa Blagden, an accomplished English lady, whose home was the villa Bellosguardo, mentioned in *Aurora Leigh*, and who was the most intimate friend of Mrs. Browning. Trollope in his fascinating reminiscences writes:

"Mrs. Browning's most intimate friend was a Miss Isabella Blagden, who lived for many years at Bellosguardo, in a villa commanding a lovely view over Florence and the valley of the Arno, from the southern side looking across to Fiesole and its villas."

In a note from Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Trollope she says:

"Miss Bladgen and Miss Field are still staying with us and are gone to Siena to-day to see certain pictures. . . ."

There has come into my hands a little book called *Vatican Sculptures* that once belonged to Miss Blagden, with "Kate from Isa" on the title-page, and following this are two inscriptions, "from Kate" (Miss Field) to a friend, and from that friend to myself. The delicate chirography of Miss Blagden gives it value in literary history. Mr. Trollope says of Isa Blagden that it "was impossible to read her poems, published after her death, without perceiving how choice a spirit the author was, and understanding how it was that she was honoured by the close friendship of Mrs. Browning."

The decade between 1855–65 was a golden one in the "Flower of all cities and city of all flowers." The Brownings, Landor, the Trollopes, Miss Blagden, Thomas Ball, and James Jackson Jarves were all in Florence; and there came the Hawthornes, George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes), Mrs. Somerville, Frances Power Cobbe, Harriet Hosmer, and others. Dall' Ongaro, the Italian poet,

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was one of the gifted circle. Mrs. Trollope drew about her a salon, and in the soft spring evenings the terrace of Villino Trollope was transformed into a reception-room.

"Opening upon a garden, with its lofty pillars, its tessellated marble floor, its walls inlaid with terra cotta, bas-reliefs, inscriptions by coats-of-arms, with here and there a niche devoted to some antique Madonna, the terrace has all the charm of a *campo-santo* without the chill of a grave upon it; or were a few cowled monks to walk with folded arms along its space, one might fancy it the cloister of a monastery,"

wrote Kate Field of the scene.

On one occasion, when the Brownings were planning a little trip to Rome, Mrs. Browning wrote to Miss Hosmer the following letter, which Miss Hosmer kindly permits me to copy :

"Shan't we see works on works of yours, dear Hattie, when we come to Rome and catch you? Really, we are planning for Rome next winter. What do you think of London, meantime for the likes of us? Pennini is reading, talking much, not forgetting his Italian. He's as great a darling as ever, in my mind. Ever your affectionate,

"*E. B. B.*"

From the first Mrs. Browning loved Florence. In June 9th, 1856, she writes from there :

"If you take one thing with another, there is no place in the world like Florence I am persuaded for a place to live in. Cheap, tranquil, cheerful, beautiful,—within the limits of civilisation, yet out of the crush of it."

It was in the winter of 1855 that Mrs. Browning produced the great work of her life, the dramatic poem of 12,000 lines, *Aurora Leigh*. Writing to Miss Hosmer at this time, Mr. Browning said : "E. B. B. is lying on the sofa and writing like a spirit." Her work was all done on the sofa, writing in pencil on any chance scraps of paper, in the family sitting-room where any visitors were likely to enter. If interrupted, Mrs. Browning simply slipped her paper under the pillow, and when she was alone went on writing. To judge *Aurora Leigh* as an economic or social treatise is to recognise but one element in its kaleidoscopic splendour. It is rather a spiritual autobiography, an intimate and vivid revelation of a woman's life of the most imaginative and highly organised type. In it she herself said are recorded her highest convictions on life and art. It is a work rich in imaginative suggestion and philosophic insight and marvellous in its *modernité*. So far as it discusses the problem of love and marriage it might have been written yesterday.

"Art's much, but love's more. Art symbolises heaven,
But love is more and makes heaven."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's conclusion of the question for Marcella and her lover reaches the same result that Mrs. Browning embodied in *Aurora Leigh* when she wrote those thrilling, exalted lines at the close :

"Beloved, let us love so well
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be better for our work.
And both commended for the sake of each
By all true lovers and true workers born."

The poetry of Mrs. Browning is not only that of the poet's inspiration, but it has the influence of exquisite and extended culture. Her genius was of that highest order—the spiritualisation of intellect. She is the first woman who has expressed the pathos of struggling and repressed life in poetry, as Millet has expressed it in painting. She felt, as did Hood, that the lover's song, and even that the intimations of nature, are less appealing than the grinding toil that submerges the uncomforted poor. To her was given the task to arouse England and the modern world, indeed, to a sense of the child suffering in factory life. Her poem "The Cry of the Children" appeared almost simultaneously with Lord Shaftesbury's great speech in Parliament on child labour. The poem and the eloquence together aroused England, nor has the echo lessened with the years.

The large drawing-room in Casa Guidi, where Mrs. Browning always sat or lay on her sofa and dreamed her poetic visions is thus pictured by Kate Field :

"The room opened upon a balcony filled with plants and looked upon the iron-gray church of Santa Felica. There was something about this room that seemed to make it the especial haunt for poets. The dark shadows and subdued light give it a dreamy look, which was enhanced by the tapestry-covered walls and the old pictures of saints that looked out sadly from their carved frames of black wood. Bookcases of Florentine carving were brimming over with wise-looking books. Tables were covered with more gayly bound volumes, the gifts of brother authors. Dante's grave profile, a cast of Keats's face and brow taken after death, a pen-and-ink sketch of Tennyson, the genial face of John Kenyon, little paintings of the boy Browning attracted the eye. A quaint mirror and the hundred nothings that add charm were always massed in this room. But the glory of it all and that which sanctified all was *her* form, with her table strewn with writ-

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ing always at her side. Her life in its review suggests only the passing of a spirit. She was always first to see merit and the last to see faults. She loved truth and justice—'more than Plato and Plato's country, more than Dante and Dante's country, more than Shakespeare and Shakespeare's country.'"

Little space is left to speak of her lyrics. Of them all, how the exquisite pathos of that line in "Caterina to Camoens" comes back to us :

"Death is near me—and not you!"

And the spirit of this stanza is her own :

"I will look out to his future ;
I will bless it till it shine,
Should he ever be a suitor,
Unto sweeter eyes than mine."

Of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* what words can fitly interpret their tenderness, their impassioned beauty ?

It was on June 29th, 1861, that after a brief illness she suddenly exclaimed, with an expression of rapture on her countenance : "It is beautiful ! " and the spirit fled. On the evening of July 1st, as the sun was sinking behind the hills, they laid her form in the lovely English burying-ground of Florence. "The distant mountains hid their faces in a misty veil," wrote Kate Field, who stood by the grave, "and the tall cypress-trees of the cemetery swayed and sighed as Nature's mourners."

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly !
And I paused to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, *His* rest !"

The work of Elizabeth Barrett Browning will stand immortal in our literature not only as literary art, but as the expression of consecrated genius. The sacredness of her art was the secret of her success. She lived in close relation with the unseen, in intimate and perpetual communion with the Heavenly Vision.

Lilian Whiting.

FROM A CAST OF THE "CLASPED HANDS" OF ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BROWNING, TAKEN BY MISS HOSMER IN 1855.

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LIVING CRITICS.

V.—Brander Matthews.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A number of years ago—I think I should say more than I care to recall, if it were not for what they have brought my colleague—Mr. Brander Matthews (not then Professor) and the present writer each published a book at about the same time, and each accepted an invitation from a well-known periodical to review the other's work. We both meant well—too well, in fact; for in our worthy desire to treat each other with stern impartiality, we wrote two of the meanest book notices I ever saw. When we faced them in print we shook hands on a vow never again to mix criticism and friendship. Professor Matthews has since broken his oath, I am glad to say — not only on my own account, though that would be reason enough, but because it leaves me free to say a word about him here now that he has passed the time when I need fear to praise him.

Of Mr. Matthews's literary work it may be said that it has been sometimes difficult to see the forest for the trees. Some of his many readers know him only as the bibliophile, and the keen critic and chronicler of the curious arts of book-making; some as the courteous but sharp-penned essayist; some as the genial and familiar gossip, whose kindly wit can make something fresh even out of a transatlantic steamer trip; many others—too many, to one friend's thinking—as the tireless producer of stories and sketches whose perplexing ingenuity and easy brightness have sometimes tempted him from the exercise of far higher and finer powers.

I say "have tempted;" for I cannot but hope that the period in Mr. Matthews's literary career which begins with the publication of *His Father's Son* will be productive of nothing, however effective in a minor way, unworthy of the creative strength, the dignified and simple art, and, above all, of the deep, true, and yet tenderly sympathetic knowledge of human nature which the

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author has displayed in that remarkable work.

I do not means to imply that I expect Mr. Matthews to produce another novel like this in a hurry. His friends know that it is the outcome of long and faithful study, and years of experience and observation. Nor do I wish in any way to attempt to supplement the admirable and clearly discerning review which Mr. Hamlin Garland contributed to the January BOOKMAN. For one who is by birth a stranger to the life, the scenes and the characters with which Mr. Matthews deals, to have grasped the whole scope and purpose of the book as Mr. Garland has, seems to me a remarkable achievement of sympathetic criticism; and I most heartily agree with him that "Sam Sargeant and Cyrus Poole, as well as Ezra Pierce and his son, remain in the mind vital, accusable as any men we know; and to produce this effect without set appeal or trick is masterly work"—and work not soon to be equaled by the author or by another.

But in criticising a living critic I cannot help attributing great importance to the production of this book, because it is a revelation, even to those who know him best, of the author's deep and catholic sympathy with and understanding of human nature—qualities for which his critical work has not always brought him due credit. His style is so clear and calm, his mental attitude so temperately judicial, and his scholarly humour so pleasantly irrepressible that the chance reader does not always realise how much charitable consideration and thoughtful perception underlie even his more caustic judgments. I do not think that I violate the confidence of friendship when I say that I do not know of a case where he has been obliged to speak severely of a book wherein he might not have spoken more severely still had a less tolerant spirit moved him. This is, I take it, the best of criticism; for if the aim of criticism be not to build up, it seems to be but wanton and cruel destruction. Criticism must faithfully and fearlessly condemn the ill-made bricks in the structure; the weak foundation; the ill-built arch and the weak lintel; but its higher duty is to point out how, out of what remains, something may be built that is worthy and useful according to its kind.

Mr. Matthews's parentage and ancestry, as a critic, give him an exceptional position among American writers. I had almost said unique, for I cannot recall at this moment another man of Mr.

he or may have been in France When the people as a whole accept a word as having a certain meaning, that is and must be the meaning of [redacted] the word thereafter, and there is no use in kicking against the pricks. Langage is made in the library sometimes, it is true, but not so often as it is made on the sidewalk; and after all [redacted] this is fortunate for us [redacted] or else we should be stifled by pedantry

Brander Matthews.

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Matthews's scholarship and breadth of taste who owes none of his qualities to our British forbears. He is bred of France and America; and it is curious to note how, in the course of years, the American blood has asserted itself more and more strongly without in the least decreasing its sympathetic kinship with the French.

This freedom from British influences in a man's literary and critical growth will undoubtedly seem no strange thing to the next generation; and even the young men of the present hour, who have seen the downfall and degradation, in school and college, of the evil old "classical" fetish, may wonder why their immediate predecessors should, even in their earlier youth, have been so curiously obsessed by the spirit of a past century, and of an alien people. And yet, from Hawthorne to Curtis, where is the American critic or essayist who has not at the first formed himself upon his inherited literary traditions in a truly colonial spirit of devotion that outdid the Briton himself? In point of fact, it was the English themselves who were trying to get rid of these very traditions at the time when Americans were cherishing them reverently and fondly.

I do not mean to imply that American criticism has not always shown a hearty, even an eager interest, to reform itself on broader lines so soon as those lines were revealed by clearer lights. The influence of French and German criticism is so clearly apparent in all our modern critical writing that we forget how closely the generation of American critics was allied to the strangely different school of its earlier years—a school that never recognised and hardly understood the responsibilities and obligations which the critic of to-day takes upon himself, not more in justice to his subject than to himself; seeing in them the best guard and warrant of his own literary integrity. The English criticism of which Hawthorne, Lowell, and Curtis were brought up was much like the law and justice of the old English squire. It was a matter of personality and prejudice; of taking sides before the case was called · of frank and honest partisanship that stopped at nothing. It might be generous, it might even attempt a certain sort of contemptuous justice of the sort that gives fair play even to the condemned man. But the critic thought it no shame to have his code and his creed marked off like a foot rule, and to apply them indifferently to all measurable things. Scholarship, travel, knowledge of the world, and naturally quick human sympathies soon modified in the great writers who have shaped our literature the influence of this early training; but it is not, after all, so many years since we have learned to despise and ignore the man who, calling himself a critic, allows the "personal equation" to affect his work.

Whether it was the literary artist's natural disaffection for this unbalanced exercise of power, or whether it was his engrossing and absorbing passion for the study of French literature, and especially for the literature of form and symmetry, and for the literary art that almost approximates science, Mr. Matthews seems to have entirely escaped an influence from which few men of any approach to maturity can pretend to be wholly exempt. Morally and ethically his literary code was inspired by the impartial and truth-seeking spirit of the purest French thought, and has been broadened, purified, and strengthened by an Americanism that has had the rare good fortune to be left to its own natural development.

Mr. Matthews was born with many talents. He has not neglected the least of them. The long and patient study that has made him a scholar, the faithful and devoted apprenticeship that has made him an artist in criticism and in fiction have not gone unrewarded. After his twenty years of devotion to his profession, his professorship in Columbia University finds him a young man—young enough to see a new career open before him. The long shelf in my library that holds his many books holds not one that does not show a better knowledge and a better humanity than the one that came before. So will it be with him, I am sure, till the shelf be full and running over.

H. C. Bunner.

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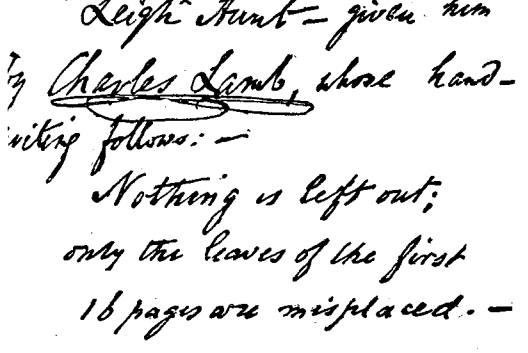
AN EX-LIBRIS EXHIBITION AT THE CAXTON CLUB, CHICAGO.

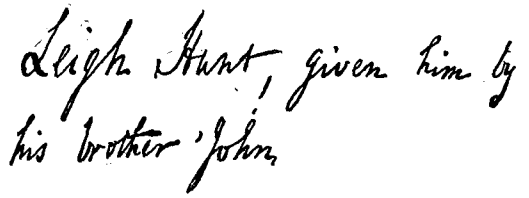
The Caxton Club, Chicago, opened its third exhibition February 1st. It was believed by the committee having the matter in charge that there were among the club's members in Chicago a sufficient number of *ex-libris* books of an "association" interest to make a creditable showing, and it is about some of these books that I am asked to gossip with the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Andrew Lang has written somewhere of the intense human interest that centres in a book once the possession of a writer or collector of distinction. Such books seem to bring us into personal touch with their former owners. If they bring the owners themselves into touch, one would like to know what Dickens is saying to Leigh Hunt, Leigh Hunt to Byron, the poet Gray to Laurence Sterne, Eugene Field

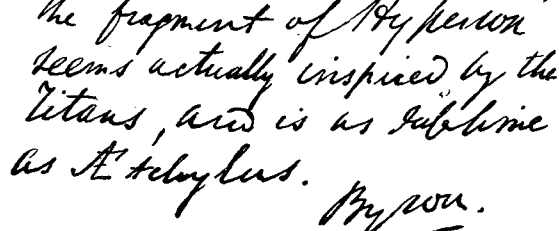


to Dibdin and Dr. John Hill Burton. Perhaps Edmund Yates and Thackeray are harmonising their differences.

One would like some sort of certificate of character to accompany the two books bearing the autograph of Byron. The first, a volume of essays on Petrarch, by Ugo Foscolo (John Murray, 1823), has inserted a letter from the noted collector, Mr. C. W. Frederickson, in which he says that he purchased the book with some other Byron matter from an old Byron collector many years ago. Of its genuineness he has no doubt. "Byron's writing varied with his moods, his habits, and his dispositions." Lady Dacre, the translator, has included with her translations from



Petrarch a poem on pages 215 and 217, to which Byron's name as translator is appended; but the name is crossed through and that of Medwin substituted by the same hand that has written the four lines of verse, in a different version, from the same poem, across the title and signed "Byron." Foscolo is frequently referred to in Byron's letters and in the notes to his poems, and as Murray doubtless had orders from the poet to send him all new books as issued, it does not seem improbable that he might have owned this one published in 1823, though he died in April, 1824. This view is strengthened by the fact that neither the Petrarch nor the second volume, Keats's *Lamia*, appears in the catalogue of books with forged autographs



and notes that were sold by Sotheby and Wilkinson, London, in May, 1851. Yet the words of the note written on the blank page of *Lamia* opposite the opening of *Hyperion* are identical with a part of the long manuscript note dated "November 12th, 1821," and printed entire at page 92, Vol. XV., of Moore's seven

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teen-volume edition of Byron (1832–33). Apparently the same hand that penned the note in Keats's *Lamia* wrote also that in the Petrarch. A little over a year before, October 12th, 1820, Byron had written to Murray:

"No more Keats, I entreat:—flay him alive; if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the mannikin."

Another book over which one is inclined to speculate is the incomplete *Lives of the English Poets*, by Dr. Johnson (1790). There are only three volumes, while there should be four. Volume I. bears the following:

"James Boswell,
London, 1793,"

and on a fly-leaf, in a neat hand, written probably by some bookseller, this note:

"These volumes were purchased at the sale of Mr. Boswell's Books in 1825, and are illustrated with sundry notes and remarks by him."

Is it the elder Boswell who is referred to? The biographer of Johnson died in 1795, and his son James inherited his library. The autograph is firm and regular and too well formed to have been written by a youth of fourteen years—the son's age in 1793. But it is not easy to reconcile with this autograph the many pencil notes scattered through the several volumes, as the paper on which they are written is rather rough and the notes at times indistinct. Yet the following sounds quite like Boswell the elder. Apropos of Sir John Hawkins's note that the *Anatomy of Melancholy* was "a book that Dr. Johnson frequently resorted to, as many others have done, for amusement after the fatigue of study," the writer has this to say:

"This is told in Sir John's usual way. Johnson did not read it after the fatigue of study; he got up in the morning to read it and read it doggedly."

In Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (Birkbeck Hill Edition) is this reference to the same subject:

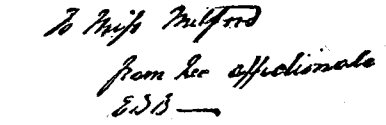
"Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, he said, was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise."

A pretty little volume is the *Lyric Offerings*, by Laman S. Blanchard, inscribed on the title as follows:

"My Dear Friend: Accept this with the sincere regrets as an author, and the sincere regards as a fellow-admirer of poetry of thine.—*L. B.*"

From the dedication to Charles Lamb, it is easy to imagine this copy a presentation to him.

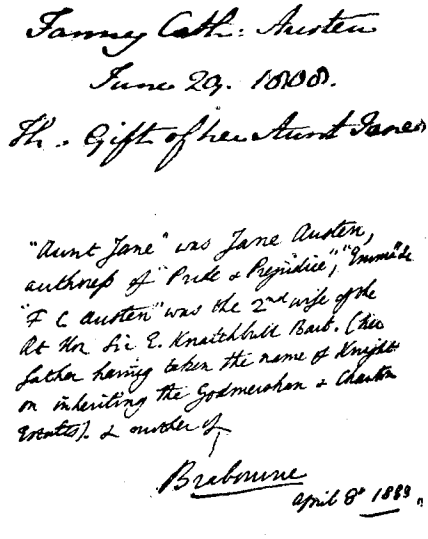
"To Miss Mitford, from her affectionate E. B. B.," is inscribed in the delicate hand of Mrs. Browning in a copy of *The Seraphim, and Other Poems* (London, 1838).



Next to this item in the exhibition catalogue the copy of *Fifine at the Fair*, inscribed by the author to Bryan Waller Proctor, is not out of place:

"To Bryan Waller Proctor, with all the old admiration, and ever, as the years go by, some new affectionateness of *R. B.*, June 4, '72."

"Fanny Cath. Austen, June 29th, 1808, the gift of her Aunt Jane," is the inscription in a dumpy copy of Cowper. And a note by Lord Brabourne attests the autograph of the "fair and witty Jane."



Here one may find also John Galt's own copy of his *Lives of the Players*, full of manuscript notes in his fine hand, among which is this, at the conclusion of the sketch of Mrs. Woffington:

"It is only known to a few that towards the end of her life Mrs. Woffington was married to a brother of the Earl of Cholmondely, by whom she had a daughter. This daughter was a companion to the late Queen Caroline, and was killed in con-

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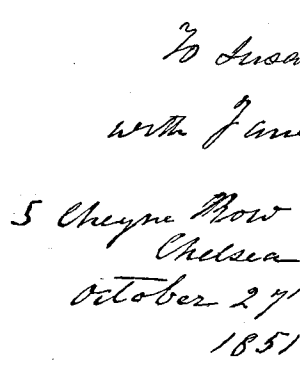
sequence of being overturned in her carriage. This has been communicated to me since the publication.—*J. Galt.*"

One wonders if Mr. Saintsbury ever saw the copy of Hunt's *Old Court Suburb* (1855), presented "To Charles Dickens, with best remembrance," from the au-



thor? The book has a triple interest, as, besides the inscription and the book-plate of Charles Dickens, it bears also the book-plate of Edmund Yates. Query: Were there any Thackeray relics in the Yates sale? One would like to know. We are also curious to know who Carlotta Clara Mary Norton was that Sir William Stirling Maxwell should inscribe to her, as his "affectionate friend," a copy of Bell and Daldy's beautiful edition of George Herbert's works. The item in the old booksellers' catalogue referred to her as "Lady Caroline Norton, whom Sir William afterwards married."

Odd, it seems, too, to find in Southey's own copy of the *Morte d'Arthur* the name of "Abraham Lincolne, Highbury." The poet's hand is as delicate as that of the late Eugene Field's, but there the resemblance ceases. There were no creases in the latter's pajamas.

Who reads Willian Wollaston's *The Religion of Nature Delineated* to-day? It was a famous book in the early half of last century. The copy in the exhibition came from the collection of the late Edward Solly. But let the catalogue tell the story:

"'This is practically the first edition, for of the first issue in 1723 only a few copies were printed for private use. Benjamin Franklin worked as a compositor on this edition of 1724,' E S. So says Lowndes, but I think he is wrong; this edition was published before the death of Wollaston, and he died 29 Oct., '24, whilst Franklin did not reach London till 24 Dec., '24. Hence Franklin must have printed the edition of 1725."

Here is the copy of Hall Caine's *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, that belonged to the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, and it contains on the fly-leaf the following original poem in his handwriting:

"In Memory of D. G. Rossetti.
What wreath have I above thy rest to place?
What worthy song-wreath, friend, nay, more than friend,
For so thou didst all other men transcend
That the pure, fiery worship of old days,
That of the boy content to hear, to gaze,
Burned on most brightly, though as lamps now end
The lights on other shrines had made an end
And darkness reigned where was the festal blaze.
But thou art far away and ne'er again
Thy magic voice shall thrill me, as one thrills
When noblest music storms his heart and brain.
The sea remembers thee, the woods, the hills,
Sunlight and moonlight, and the hurrying rills,
And love saith, 'Surely this man leads my train.'
"(signed)—*P. B. Marston.*"

The gem of the exhibition is reserved for the last—Dante Gabriel's Rossetti's *Poems Privately Printed.* It is a well-thumbed little book dressed in half leather. Inside the front cover is the pictorial book-plate of the late William Bell Scott, and on a front fly-leaf, in his hand, this note: "D. G. R.'s poems, as intended to be issued 1869. Proofs left at Penkill, afterwards saved." On another fly-leaf at the end of the volume is another note, also in the hand of William Bell Scott.

The intention of publishing was first entertained on D. G.'s return to London, when fresh paging began with the printing of the "Troy Town" and "Eden Bower," placed at the end of the present volume. Then one or two poems, particularly the sonnet "After the French Liberation of Italy" (page 194), were withdrawn.

"The Stream's Secret," the stream being the Pen Whaffle, Penkill Glen, was written before leaving Penkill; also "Farewell to the Glen."

In this volume the following, afterwards withdrawn, are preserved for private satisfaction only: "Dennis Shand," page 53; "A Song and Music," page 84; "To Mary in Summer," page 102. Sonnets: "On the Site of a Mulberry Tree," page 191; "After the French Liberation of Italy," page 194. "Hand and Soul," reprinted from *The Germ* for May and Williams by William Morris, with "The Blessed Damozel," and

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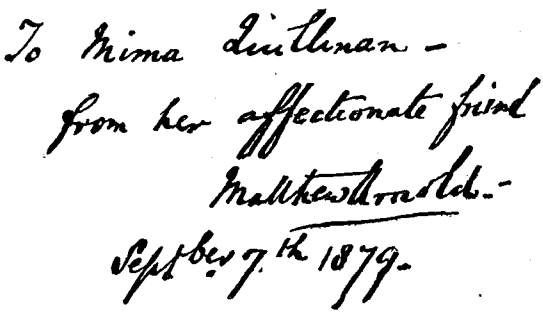
many other poems afterwards printed in the collected edition of 1880 and 1881, appear in this volume with many changes of their text noted in Rossetti's hand. "Dennis Shand" and "A Song



and Music" appear in the two-volume edition of 1880 and 1881. The sonnet "On the Site of a Mulberry Tree" is printed in the Kelmscott Press Edition, but it will be new to many, and is therefore reprinted here :

ON THE SITE OF A MULBERRY-TREE.
Planted by Wm. Shakspeare ; felled by the Rev. E. Gastrell.

This tree, here fall'n, no common birth or death
Shared with its kind. The world's enfranchised son,
Who found the trees of life and knowledge one,
Here set it, frailer than his laurel-wreath.
Shall not the wretch whose hand it fell beneath
Rank also singly—the supreme unhung?
Lo! murdered Turpin pleading, with black tongue,
This viler thief's unsuffocated breath!

We'll search thy glossary, Shakspeare! whence almost,
And whence alone, some name shall be reveal'd
For this deaf drudge, to whom no length of ears
Sufficed to catch the music of the spheres;
Whose soul is carrion now,—too mean to yield
Some tailor's ninth allotment of a ghost.

Stratford-on-Avon.

Other volumes bear the inscriptions, autographs, or book-plates of the poet Gray, Alexander Pope, Horace Walpole, Melanchthon, John Witford (Gray's Editor), John Payne Collier, John Hill Burton, James T. Fields, Thomas Noon Talfourd, Sir Noel Paton, Matthew Arnold, Wordsworth, Jane Carlyle, Bayard Taylor, Thackeray, Dr. John Brown, Eugene Field, Robert Bridges, Abraham Hayward, William Cullen Bryant, Richard Le Gallienne, L. Sterne, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others of lesser note.

W. Irving Way.

STUDIES IN EPITAPH.

THE IMPOSTOR.

He lived on lies and won such warm applause
That truth became to him an eyeless myth ;
He died no tepid martyr to his cause :
Himself he caught in his own snaring laws.

THE SOUL OF LUXURY.

The richness in a pleasure self-denied
Who never knew is of a barren mind :
To find where rounded sleek the ripe fruits hide
Is all, if thou untasting turn aside.

CHEOPS.

One scanty life upon the other flung
Heaps the grim Tasker million-high so wise
He beautifies the human sacrifice,
Browbeats the centuries, nay, ties Time's tongue.

Philip Becker Goetz.

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A PLEA.

You say you are unworthy, dear,
That you have sinned beyond repair,
And bid me leave you lonely here,
To your despair.

Because you are a woman, then,
You bid me think your sin the worse?
Before the great White Throne shall men
Not share the curse?

Listen, dear heart; you've told me true,
And more than I have asked to know,
But now I'll tell my story too,
Before I go.

For I have sinned, yet not in vain,
Since sin has given you to me;
Perhaps our love will wash the stain,
And make us free.

I have no right, I would not dare,
To seek another for my wife,
To ask the good, the pure and fair,
To share my life;

But I would rather live with you,
Complete the story once begun,
That what was false might still end true,
When life is done;

That I might still repair the wrong,
And live a meaning life at last,
For once be noble, once be strong,
And cheat the past.

Ah, sweetheart, looking in your eyes,
With higher thoughts that banish shame,
I tremble with a sweet surprise
To read my name;

And clasping you within my arm,
I feel a thrill of hope divine,
That I may guard your steps from harm,
For you are mine!

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

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NEGLECTED BOOKS.

II.—Mr. Gissing's "The Odd Women."

There are signs that Mr. Gissing will shortly come into the literary estate that has been so long and so strangely denied him. It is always a mere question of time for an author to receive the consideration—I mean something more than popularity—that his work deserves, although, I confess, to one who must wait for a posthumous recognition, the theory possesses little if any attraction. There is every chance, fortunately, that Mr. Gissing will remain with us long enough to be spared that disadvantage.

It is a tantalising task to select any one of Mr. Gissing's novels for this interesting series of "Neglected Books," since so many excellent ones clamour for the distinction; but perhaps, since I must decide, I am most strongly drawn to *The Odd Women*, which was published by the Macmillans under the American copyright act, simultaneously in England and America, in April, 1893. Doubtless many authors would look with envy upon so charming a form of "neglect"—so prominent a publisher and so popular a series as the "Dollar Novels." Yet when one thinks of the silence which has reigned over *The Odd Women* and the flood of talk, the mass of criticism, and the maudlin interest which have centred about so many inferior books—books having precisely the same purpose—one must confess one's self mystified.

There has been so much painful and unsavoury discussion of books about the

Woman who { Did, / Didn't, / Could, / Couldn't, / Would, / Wouldn't,

(to borrow a convenient form from a sprightly journal) that I hesitate to confess that *The Odd Women* may be classified under one of these heads. Yet, after all, does not my justification lie in the fact that no matter how weary a long suffering public has become of these heroines with the relative pronoun, how many have heard of Rhoda Nunn, the heroine of *The Odd Women?*

Without direct preaching, and crediting the reader with sufficient intelligence to make his own deductions, *The Odd Women* holds something valuable, something vital upon most of the mooted questions of the day—Equal Pay for Equal Work, The Fitting of Gentlewomen to become Wage Earners, The Better Training of Working Women, The Moral Conditions Surrounding Underpaid and Overworked Shop-girls, Marriage as a Means of Livelihood, The Rescue of Fallen Girls, and so on. They are too many and too diverse to mention them all. I am more or less interested in all of these, as I presume we all are; but the problem that attracts me, that causes me to take up my pen, is just the plain problem (did I say plain?) of the emotional nature of woman, or, to be more specific, of the unmated or *odd* woman. Rhoda Nunn is a woman possible only to this end of the century, alive to the finger-tips with the latest theories and deductions regarding social conditions, as impatient at the restrictions of the past as she is enthusiastic of the future. And yet she is not, though it is almost inevitable, a mere mouthpiece for certain theories, nor incarnation of certain qualities, but, to quote George Eliot, a flesh-and-blood creature "with endless varieties and blessed inconsistencies." We see her self-reliant, self-willed, proud, sensitive, determined to rule other women, exulting in her power to move human destiny (in this a bit of a Hedda), shrinking from no responsibility, and superbly sure of herself. At least this is on the surface. It would have been no triumph to depict such a woman as she appears to the world; the lanes are full of them; but Mr. Gissing has done more than that (and in so doing must still once for all the absurd claim of sex in literature); he has revealed to us the woman as she sits in solitude; more, he has bared her soul and held it up to us quivering and shrinking from its enforced self-knowledge. He has turned the knife in the secret wound, and has shown us the red, hot blood flowing turbulently where we had looked to find it congealed. It was a daring feat—for a man incredible—and the very silence of the discovered

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sex intimates the impossibility alike of acknowledgment as well as of denial of its truth.

Here is the physical Rhoda :

"Whether or not she could be called a comely woman might have furnished matter for male discussion ; the prevailing voice of her own sex would have denied her charm of feature. At first view the countenance seemed masculine, its expression somewhat aggressive, eyes shrewdly observant, and lips consciously impregnable. But the connoisseur delayed his verdict. It was a face that invited, that compelled, study. Self-confidence, intellectual keenness, a bright humour, frank courage, were traits legible enough ; and when the lips parted to show their warmth, their fulness, when the eyelids drooped a little in meditation, one became aware of a suggestiveness directed not solely to the intellect, of something like an unfamiliar sexual type, remote indeed from the voluptuous, but hinting a possibility of subtle feminine forces that might be released by circumstances."

It is of the release of these "feminine forces" that the book tells.

To the world, Rhoda is one of those rare individuals that can direct their life with a single purpose. From birth to death their course is as the arrow speeding from the shaft to the goal. No wavering, no turning, straight through the air it cuts. Her acknowledged mission is to teach her sex to stand alone.

"It's better to be born a woman in our day," she says. "With us is all the joy of advance, the glory of conquering. Men have only material progress to think about. But we—we are winning our souls, propagating a new religion, purifying the earth."

Her sincerity is never questioned. It is considered a huge joke when frail, pretty little Monica persuades this goddess of spinsterhood to be present at her marriage.

"She is one of your grandly severe women," says Barfoot, "a terror, I imagine, to any young girl who betrays weak thoughts of matrimony." She is marvellously helpful to those that seek business advice ; she inspires them with patience and courage, but she makes no concessions to failures. "Perhaps you make too little allowance for human weakness," remonstrates Barfoot after her hardness had driven an erring girl to suicide. The answer is unswerving : "Human weakness is a plea that has been much abused." She feels "not the slightest regret." She compels unwilling admiration : "How I admire your consistency!" he exclaims ; "we others are poor, halting creatures in comparison." Surely, he concludes, this woman has not reared her theory of life as an elaborate breastwork to hide secret disappointment. Whatever else she may be she is no hypocrite. "She is perfectly content with single life. The kitchen, the cradle, and the work-basket have no power over her imagination." In her face this accomplished man of the world reads chastity ; "her eye avoided no scrutiny, her palm was cold."

Only Mary Barfoot is wiser. "You have hardened your heart with theory. Guard yourself, Rhoda. To work for women, one must keep one's womanhood. You are wandering as far from the true way—oh, much farther than Bella did." (Bella was the suicide.) "That hardness is not natural to you. You have encouraged yourself in it, and you are warping a very noble character."

Doubtless the reader grows impatient. "What is remarkable here? Merely the same cold, theoretical female we have all grown so weary of, incapable of sexual emotions, and so of interpreting the rest of the world. Let us pass on." But there is something more. At this very moment of proud indifference she is tingling with the sudden revelation of her own unsuspected emotional possibilities. Everard Barfoot moves her physically as she never dreamed was possible. She is conscious of a strange, pleasurable perturbation in the man's society. It enters into her consciousness that, after all, there are depths in our make up that refuse to be sounded by the intellect. It is the recoil from this revelation that buckles up her armour. There can be nothing in her that answers to that lost creature ; there must be nothing ; there shall be nothing !

There is something in this touch to take the breath away. No woman *would* have dared do it, and I confess I had fancied no man *could* have done it. If the truth be told, two types of woman, and two only, have sympathy for the so-called "fallen" sisters—she that stands serenely miles from the brink, and she that has passed it. She whose feet are near the brink dares not.

Yet do not fancy that Rhoda is cast down at the new knowledge. She may be capable of pretending to herself that she is very much shocked, but the secret exultation will not down. For the first

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time a man has uttered the words, "I love you." Of course she will continue on her way, nevertheless it will be a *chosen* way; the secret sting of the *necessity* will be washed from her.

And now comes an amusing bit of cross-purposes. Barfoot, tempted to bring into play the "hidden forces" that he suspects to be lying dormant in Rhoda, resolves to offer her love and union, but without the sanction of society.

"If her mettle endured the test, if she declared herself willing not only to abandon her avowed ideal of life, but to defy the world's opinion—she was the woman he had imagined, and by her side he would go cheerfully on his way as a married man; . . . the proposal of a free union was a test only. Loving her as he never thought to love, there still remained with him so much of the temper in which he first wooed her that he could be satisfied with nothing short of unconditional surrender; . . . he still desired to see her in subjugation to him, to inspire her with unreflecting passion."

She does not recoil from the suggestion; on the contrary, it attracts her. "The temptation to yield was very strong, for it seemed to her an easier and a nobler thing to proclaim her emancipation from social statutes" (ah! Bella, your kind does not rise to this noble sophistry) "than to announce before her friends the simple news that she was about to marry . . . a sure way of averting ridicule was by furnishing occasion for much graver astonishment."

Mr. Meredith has written *The Egoist*; this book should have been called *The Egoists*. After all, regarding the proposal as perfectly serious, Rhoda concludes there is more triumph in forcing her lover to offer her the usual wedlock. Womanlike, there is more sweetness to her in overruling him than in overruling society.

There is comedy in the situation, and it strikes one as playing lightly with edged tools, but it reveals in a marvellously subtle manner the innermost characteristics of the two. In the end they neither married nor entered into any other form of union. He weds the amiable Miss Brissenden. It is a masterly touch to make frail, pretty, little Monica the cause of their separation. It is an idle jealousy, quite unjustified. Ah! Rhoda, you may hold up your head proudly before the world, but in your heart you must confess to having been conquered by the two forces that attack the weak, ordinary woman—the woman of the unenlightened past—an unreflecting passion and an unnecessary jealousy. And, worst of all, jealousy of such a poor creature as the commonplace, utterly feminine Monica.

Rhoda has struck bottom. Self-knowledge can go no further. Her old self has disappeared utterly, burnt up in the flames of her passion; and from the pyre, phœnix-like, a new theory of womanhood arises, a new estimation of life. In the embers there smoulders the memory of a lover's embrace, of kisses that burn, of yearnings that agonise.

The curtain falls upon her at the last holding Monica's baby girl, and sighing softly at the potential suffering the future holds for it.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

We of the elder race,
We of the ancient place
  Whence sprung your liberty;
We bid you pause to think,
As ye stand on the brink,
  Whence the depth were far to see.

We praise with you that fight
Wherein ye wrested right
  From us in darker days.
Our blood in your veins ran high;
Like us, ye dared to die
  For life and freedom's praise.

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What of the Lion-heart
Who burst your chains apart,
  And set you proud and free,
Like a tower upon a hill,
Round which winds rage at will,
  Nor mar its symmetry ?

From that Virginian grave
Well might he rise to save
  From this the land he wrought,
As the smith doth forge the sword,
For the glory of the word,
  And the triumph of the thought.

For the word rang in the tongue
Sidney and Milton sung,
  And the thought was Cromwell's soul,
And thought and word were a flame
That burned in Freedom's name,
  The star that guards our pole.

Brothers in blood are we,
Strong hearts, gray eyes, and the free
  Proud will to win a world,
And to hold a world for our own,
In bonds of the speech that hath grown
  Like a flag over earth unfurled.

Shakespeare and Burns were ours,
And we bade you call them yours,
  With some that late have passed,
Whose dust is scarce yet cold,
Links in the chain of gold
  That binds you to our past.

But should ye force a fight,
Not for the Eternal Right
  That guards your Sacred Place ;
But for ends obscure and low,—
By your own heart-beats ye know
  How our quick blood runs apace.

By their souls that toiled and died
To 'stablish England's pride
  Between the stars and the sea,
We shall hold aloft the name
That knows no fear but of shame,
  No peace but of Victory.

Or if our might be doomed,
We shall lie down entombed
  Under that glory past ;
The best the world hath seen,
The best we know hath been,
  The best we believe shall last.

Caroline Fitzmaurice.

LONDON, February 1, 1896.

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PARIS LETTER.

I should consider the death of Paul Verlaine his happy release, did I not know that, squalid and miserable as was his life to the end, he enjoyed it keenly. He enjoyed, with touching eagerness, every little pleasure that came to him. There was no happier man in Paris than poor Verlaine, when, towards midnight, seated with a few admirers in the Café François Premier, on the Boulevard St. Michel, he had a few sous for absinthe in his tattered fob, a little caporal tobacco for cigarettes in his pouch. A compliment would light up his ravaged face with childish glee. He was not a brilliant nor even an entertaining talker; indeed, he talked but little at any time. He would sit and listen and nod his head. If anything was said by anybody with which he fully agreed, he would pucker up his face, thrust out his finger in the direction of the speaker, and say, "Oui, c'est ça." He often even did not listen, having the gift of absolute abstraction. I remember that some years ago he spent two hours at the Café François Premier with a very famous foreign poet, who was a great and brilliant talker. I afterwards asked Verlaine what they had been discussing. "I don't know what he was talking about," he said. "I do know that he smoked the whole time, and, though I was without tobacco, he never offered me a bit." He was a great child, a thing which must be remembered of him ere we blame his monstrous follies. On the last occasion on which I saw him—in a miserable room in the Rue des Fossés St. Jacques, he was quite childishly piqued at what Max Nordau wrote about him, and especially at the comments on his personal appearance. I told him that Max Nordau's personalities and a filip of the fingers were of about equal value, or would be held so in the immediate future, and that it is only little men who are vexed by *les petits écrits*, but he was not to be soothed, and kept repeating, "Voyons, est-ce vrai?"

The position he held in France was an extraordinary one. It shows the utter difference between the French national character and our own. As a poet of consummate excellence, he was held in the highest respect. I am sure that the French are as proud of Paul Verlaine as we are of Alfred Tennyson. I have seen a French Minister hunt after him at a crowded literary gathering, and heard H. E. address him as "dear Master." Yet his life was notoriously infamous, and the man had served a sentence in a Belgian prison. The French, however, do not make the poet responsible for the man, and I, for one, admire them for this also. His society was certainly not sought after, because to most it was painful to see his incurable suffering, his irremediable misery. And in his last years the crapulence of his taste had become so confirmed, that one preferred to avoid him. His intimate companion during the last period of his life was a weird individual, well known in the Latin quarter by the name of Bibi-la-Purée, who has more than once been in prison. An old harridan used to visit him, "to steal my money," as he complained. His follies found him out; terrible retribution came upon him; his life was one progress of suffering and privation. He has starved and starved, he would have starved altogether but for the loyalty of a few of his friends. Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac was very good to him, and so was François Coppée. As to the latter, it seems one of Fate's ironies that Paul Verlaine babbled a' François Coppée at the last, and died with on his lips the name of the poet whom as a poet he had all through life denied. He deliberately ravaged and wasted his life with a perversity which is difficult to understand in a man who had real capacities for the enjoyment of life, but for which the psychological reason is not far to seek: a kind of Masochism.

I have sometimes wondered whether it may not have been by reason of his early disappointment in love that he went wrong and galloped headlong down the hill. Many years ago Paul Verlaine was engaged to be married to a very beautiful girl, a gifted girl of exquisite taste. One night he came to her parents' house in a state of absolute intoxication. It was the first time that he had ever been in such a state, but the girl was horrified, and the match was then and there broken off. That lady

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is now the wife of one of the most prominent authors in France. I was dining at her house not very long ago, and as I sat in her beautiful and luxurious home, and watched her with her children and grandchildren around her, her drawing room filled with European celebrities crowding round her world-famous husband, I could not help thinking of Paul Verlaine in his squalid garret pledging in cheap absinthe his boon companion, Hard-up-Jack, whilst the familiar harridan peered and prowled, until the time should come when, both men being stupefied with drink, she might go through Verlaine's pockets.

In these days when so much attention is paid to the earnings of literary men, it may be interesting to note that the most Verlaine ever received in France for a poem was five francs.

I see that an English edition of Nietzsche's works is in progress of publication in London. It should be well received by students of philosophy. I think it nonsense to write, as I saw it written the other day in some French review, that Nietzsche's doctrine "systematises all the worst instincts of human nature." The same writer added, "The credit which this doctrine enjoys amongst the young generation seems to me singularly dangerous and menacing." This is exaggerated alarm. The student of philosophy is *de facto* a hard-headed man, who is unlikely to allow himself to be influenced one way or the other by the teachings of any one of the philosophers whom he reads. The weak youth does not read the philosophers. Nietzsche, I am sorry to hear, is in an alarming condition. He has been recently removed from the asylum where he was under treatment, and is now living with his mother and sister at Naumburg, whither many of his faithful disciples have followed him. Naumburg is the Weimar or the Bayreuth of the Nietzcheans. Their unfortunate chief is now a complete victim to the paralysis which struck him seven years ago. He cannot walk, he cannot speak, he has even forgotten his own name.

Nietzsche's real name is Nietzki. He is of Polish extraction, and has always professed himself indignant at being taken for a German. I wonder if he is any relation of the Dr. Nietzki of Heidelberg, who has recently published a book on Heine, which is being greatly talked about in France as well as in Germany. Nietzki describes Heine as "frivolous, common, trivial, and dirty." He agrees with Friedrich Hebbel that Heine's work is a "monument of impotence and falsehood." Hebbel, by the way, was only twenty-five years of age when he made this astonishing statement, and to the young much may be forgiven. Dr. Nietzki has "never experienced any æsthetic pleasure" in reading Heine. One experiences little pleasure in reading Dr. Nietzki's *critique*, but as an antidote to the gush one hears about Heine, who, as a *poet*, after all, fills but a small place, it may serve its purpose.

Another book by a foreigner, which is being a good deal talked about at present in Paris, is Antonio Fogazzaro's last novel, *Piccolo Mondo Antico*, published by Galli, of Milan. It is a very pretty love story of the good, old-fashioned kind. Fogazzaro interests one because he is one of the few modern writers who really do attempt their best. He lives in the country, and spends years over one book. His *Piccolo Mondo Antico* would translate excellently.

An interesting letter written in last July by Alexander Dumas to a lady has been published since his death. In this letter he confirms his opinion, enunciated in such brochures as *Femmes qui Tuent*, *Femmes qui Volent*, and *Recherche de la Paternité*, that women should enjoy absolutely the same privileges as men. It is an emphatic letter which may be commended to the attention of the New Woman, who will be pleased to read that the author of *La Dame aux Camélias* considers that even physically woman is superior to man.

Mr. Francis Gribble is living at Vevey in Switzerland, where he is working at a novel dealing with the Stock Exchange. His new novel, which examines the question, Which woman is happiest? and is entitled *The Things that Matter*, will be published in England, America, and the colonies simultaneously on the fifteenth of this month. Francis Gribble is going ahead.

The young poets of France have decided to abandon rhyme in the main. The *vers libre* is to be the vehicle in the future. It is so much easier to run.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

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NEW BOOKS.

CARDINAL MANNING.*

The year 1920 would have been a fitter date for the publication of this biography than the present one. The success of the book is likely to be a *succès de scandale:* already the bitterest feelings have been roused, and sleeping animosities awakened by its charges, insinuations, and general indiscretion. Mr. Purcell is consumed by a desire for truth, and our criticisms he anticipates by asking, "What would be gained by an effeminate paltering with facts? To wink in silence is only owl-like wisdom." And then he quotes a case out of "a robuster day"—the canonisation of St. Bernard in spite of the publication of his letters bringing false accusations against St. William of York. But our feebler day will not be bullied into thinking that Mr. Purcell's is the right method of presenting the life of a man he acknowledges to be great and devoted, whatever his faults, whose living friends and co-religionists will be pained by the premature publication of intimate and delicate diaries and correspondence, and who left work to be carried on, in which his whole heart was bound up, which will certainly be injured by the chill winds that will blow over his name from this book. Why did not Mr. Purcell "wink in silence?"

The book, we own, is intensely interesting, but as its interest is largely derived from what it has no right to contain at this moment, most of us would surely have given up the chance of psychological study to the next generation. If even the detraction had come in the form of a direct attack, or had it been included in a defensive life of any of the men whom Manning differed from and offended, it would have been decenter. Our case for the postponement of much of the material in these two volumes is a perfectly sound one. Manning was revered, and deservedly so. The religious and philanthropic work he set his hand to was good work. He was the spiritual director of many who derived strength from their veneration of him, and still draw on his memory for example and support. His energy, his efforts for the public service, were so extraordinary as to make ordinary men hardly fit to be his judge, and his habits amid every temptation to indulgence and luxury were ascetic in the extreme. When a man like that dies, give his memory and his work their best chance of exerting an influence on a world that needs it. Time enough when the bitter recollection of strifes has died out, when the work of the dead is assured, or given up, when those who looked to him for guidance have also gone to their rest, or become habituated to other counsellors—time enough then to make the exact psychological study, to reckon up the account accurately. The whole tale of Catholicism in England from the Tractarian days has yet to be told. There is ample documentary material waiting for it, and when bitterness and partisanship have softened, there is no fear but that Newman and Manning will be put in their due places. For the present, Newman's memory stands in need of no defence, and if it did, it gets but a sorry one here, for all the revelations of guile on the other side. Mr. Purcell thinks this point of view sentimental. Unless in the biography of ruffians, we call it only fair play.

But though he has set down some unflattering things, and opened the controversy aggressively, perhaps a few prudent, what Mr. Purcell would call owl-like, persons may still reserve their judgment. Very likely his statements are mainly true; he gathers proofs enough of them in his bulky, ill-arranged book. But one has a shrewd idea the sum of them is wrongly added up. The good and bad in the great Churchman's life are both certainly out of focus. It would be a mistake to say he fails to appreciate Manning altogether, for he has made desperately conscientious efforts at justice; and though much of the disagreeable tone may be accounted for by dislike, none of it need be set down to malice. And for all his bold talk of truth, he is probably suppressing his real opinion in the chapter on the relations of Newman and Manning. Does Newman's Gallicanism account to him for all Manning's opposition? At least, he has suggested, by his awkward,

* Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. By E. S. Purcell. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan & Co. $6.00.

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devil's-advocate kind of apology, something far more damaging. He does not understand the man, save in a general way, and the man was indeed, as Newman said, "difficult to understand." Manning retorted, not discreetly, that Newman also was "very difficult" to soften; and added, "we ended by a promise to say masses for each other." It was at least better than writing each other's biographies without sympathy or comprehension. Mr. Purcell laughs indulgently at Manning's self-deception in thinking he had made a sacrifice in entering the Church, while he had only left a desk in a Government office. But though he may have deceived himself about the motive of his renunciation, there is no doubt of his keen disappointment when his father's bankruptcy seemed to shut the gates of a political career. He was ever a politician to his finger-tips; and no doubt it would have been wholesomer if he had been one in the legitimate sphere.

Manning was of course perfectly aware of his ambition, and was alternately proud and ashamed of it. "To say so and to do so is equally an act of volition," were boyish words. "I do feel pleasure in honour, precedence, elevation, the society of great people, and all this is very shameful and mean," he wrote in 1846. But it is perfectly useless to imagine him without ambition and irresistible self-will. He was so fashioned that his virtues and moral energies could only make themselves felt when he was free, unopposed, in a position to command. It is impossible to say he would have sulked in obscurity. He simply could not have remained there. In fighting for a place where he could be his best self he was fulfilling his eternal fate as much as Newman in his contemplative retirement. The examination of his conscience concerning this very sin of ambition, contains this alternative to the charge—"Why not believe in a Divine government of the lives of men?"

But we have no desire to hold a brief for the Cardinal. A man of such unbending will, overpowering self-confidence, fierce belief, who could not "hold truth moderately," would "as soon think of holding the multiplication table in moderation," has a long score of charges to face when the cool judgment time arrives. We regret Mr. Purcell's unkindly haste. Manning, the lover and defender of the poor and weak, was as real as Manning the ambitious ecclesiastic, far more real and near to the Catholics of London. And his great devotion should have bought for him a longer Truce of God, for the good he did to be planted firm and given its best chance of living after him.

MISS ROSSETTI'S LAST POEMS.*

It is with the utmost reluctance that we are driven and compelled to the conclusion that this is a book which should never have been given to us, and which Miss Rossetti herself would have disapproved of in the strongest manner. Mr. Rossetti says that he is of opinion that some of the compositions he has published are up to the level of Christina Rossetti's best work, and that the great majority of them are well up to her average. No doubt this is a judgment entitled to consideration. Mr. Rossetti is an experienced poetical critic. He is writing of his sister, between whom and himself a warm affection existed; but it must be remembered in the first place that Mr. Rossetti did not share his sister's religious sympathies. Miss Rossetti was too wise and kind to let this be an absolute bar to intimacy, but certainly in her case it was a bar to a complete communion of spirit. She admired the literary work of her brothers, and valued their praise, but in the deepest matters she was completely divided from them, and they from her, and it was not possible that they should fully enter into the secret of her greatness as a devotional writer.

In the second place, Mr. Rossetti proves by his editing of this book that he does not know his sister's poetry. This is a very grave charge. Let the reader turn to the poem entitled here, "Conference between Christ, the Saints, and the Soul." Mr. Rossetti tells us that this poem was printed in *Lyra Eucharistica*. This is correct; but he actually does not know that it is included under the title, "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills," in Miss Rossetti's best-known book, that entitled *Goblin Market, and Other Poems*. It follows either that he has never taken the pains to read the book through, or—which is barely

* New Poems, by Christina G. Rossetti. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

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conceivable—that he can have read the poem through and immediately have forgotten it. He also prints a poem entitled "I have a Message unto Thee," and fails to notice that the best part of it was included in a revised form in one of the S. P. C. K. books. We refer to the lines beginning :

"Young girls wear flowers,
Young brides a flowery wreath."

They are among the finest and most memorable lines Miss Rossetti ever penned. Turning on, we find the poem "Better So" on page 131, containing the equally fine lines beginning :

"Who would wish thee back upon the rough,
Wearisome, dangerous road?"

Here again Mr. Rossetti is ignorant that his sister has herself already included these lines, carefully revised, in one of her books. The same is true of the poem entitled "A Burden," and here again Mr. Rossetti fails us.

But there are graver faults than these. Many of the poems should manifestly never have been printed. A large number of them were written when Miss Rossetti was quite young, and when she had a comparatively imperfect mastery of her instrument. They are thin and anæmic, and an extraordinary contrast to the wine-red, passionate verses of later years. In other cases the verses are mere doggerel. This is a strong thing to say, but we shall quote two stanzas from the verses of "Our Widowed Queen" :

"The Husband of the widow, care for her,
The Father of the fatherless ;
The faithful Friend, the abiding Comforter,
Watch over her to bless.
Full twenty years of blameless married faith,
Of love and honour questioned not,
Joys, griefs imparted : for the first time Death
Sunders the common lot."

These lines are within the compass even of a Poet Laureate in these days, and are totally unworthy of the great woman singer. Then what are we to say to this ?—

"A is the Alphabet, A at its head ;
A is an Antelope, agile to run.
B is the Baker Boy bringing the bread,
Or black Bear and brown Bear, both begging for bun."

Many other examples might be quoted, and the trouble is there is hardly anything to put on the other side.

At the same time, this book is not without value ; and if it had been published in a limited edition, and in a modest way, it would have had its place as giving us an interesting glimpse into the progress of a great poet's art. Whatever may be thought ultimately of Mrs. Barrett Browning's rank as a poetess, she had certainly a most controlling influence over her sister poetesses of this generation. It is very interesting to see how much Miss Rossetti was influenced by Mrs. Browning in her early work. We give three verses, which are a true, sweet echo.

"When my yellow hair was curled,
Though men saw and called me fair,
I was weary in the world,
Full of vanity and care.
Gold was left behind, curls shorn,
When I came here ; that same morn
Made a bribe no gems adorn.

"Here wrapt in my spotless veil,
Curtained from intruding eyes,
I whom prayers and fasts turn pale
Wait the flush of Paradise.
But the vigil is so long
My heart sickens :—sing thy song,
Blythe bird that canst do no wrong.

"Sing on, making me forget
Present sorrow and past sin,
Sing a little longer yet :
Soon the matins will begin ;
And I must turn back again
To that aching, worse than pain,—
I must bear and not complain."

With hesitation we refer to the dedication. Mr. Rossetti has taken it upon him to dedicate this book to "Algernon Charles Swinburne, a generous eulogist of Christina Rossetti, who hailed his genius and prized himself, the greatest of living British poets, my old and constant friend." What are the rights of dedication ? Has a man any right to dedicate what was written by another ? What has come from the sweat of his own brow he may very fitly give to men or women who are much to him. No one more sincerely admires Mr. Swinburne than we do, but it has to be remembered that very much of what he wrote must have been infinitely abhorrent to Christina Rossetti, and is it decent to dedicate to a man who openly rejects Christianity a collection of Christian poems ?

THE SOWERS.*

Mr. Merriman's latest novel is full of the excitement of the chase, yet it is not deer-stalking nor hunting for big game

* The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York : Harper & Bros. $1.25.

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that supplies the thrilling interest, but, instead, the tracking of a traitor, the still-hunt for the schemes of a villain, and various exciting encounters between smart rascals and honest men. It is a vividly written romance of Russian life, with a cleverly constructed plot that keeps our interest keenly alive to the very end. The village of Osterno, in the Government of Tver on the Volga, is the principal centre of action; but there is no lack of variety in characters and scenes, for we meet princes and peasants, diplomats and nihilists, exiles and society folk; we attend balls in London, *fêtes* in Paris, and visit drawing-rooms in St. Petersburg.

But the thought that dominates the book is of Russia, with its problem still unsettled—its account that is to be balanced some day between the downtrodden peasants and a government "which has ever turned its face against education and enlightenment." It is a grim picture that the author paints of the condition of the Russian *moujik*, whose privilege of getting frequently and gloriously intoxicated is the one happiness of his existence. "Since Alexander II., of philanthropic memory, made the Russian serf a free man, the blessings of freedom have been found to resolve themselves chiefly into a perfect liberty to die of starvation, of cold, or of dire disease." Stupid, ignorant, and suspicious, the *moujik* is a dangerous being; and the Russian nobles who united themselves in a Charity League with the object of educating and uplifting these poor wretches, undertook a most difficult task. They wisely began by supplying the physical wants of their unhappy peasantry, and "training their starved bodies to be ready for the education when it came;" for "if you educate a hungry man, you let a devil loose upon the world." But the ever-inquisitive Government scented treason in these new and startling methods, and when at last the League was betrayed by a traitor and the names of its members published, the authorities promptly broke it up, and made an example of one of the nobles with the usual Siberian rod; after which gentle admonition it was not advisable to indulge too openly in good works. So we find Prince Pavlo Alexis visiting his own peasants disguised as the "Moscow Doctor," whom they worship; who feeds them, scolds them, and cures them of cholera while he listens to their revilings of the prince whom they imagine to be deaf to their sufferings. In this Russian prince with English education and ideas we have a most attractive hero, with noble aims and fearless determination—an altogether lovable and manly character. Hardly less lovable and quite as interesting is the wonderful Steinmetz, his steward; a stout guardian angel with a big heart and a wise head, who knows everything and forgets nothing.

Aside, however, from the interest of the story and its characters—all of which have a flesh-and blood vitality—we are charmed with the author's freshness of thought and piquancy of expression. He has what the artists call a "good colour-sense," and whether he describes the gayety and glitter of an ice carnival or the stillness of the Russian forest in midwinter (and this forest picture is wonderfully beautiful), the impression is always vivid and complete.

So much of our "strong" fiction is harmful, so much of our harmless fiction is weak, that when a book like *The Sowers*, that is both strong and healthful, makes its appearance, we are inclined to hail its advent in the words of our friend Audrey in *As You Like It*, "The gods give us joy—the gods give us joy!"

Helena J. Albro.

PALMYRA AND ZENOBIA.*

The archæologist, the Biblical scholar, and the pioneer missionary, are all of the industrious order of men, and they may be trusted to scent for themselves whatever bears on their interests. They are also not a little contentious in their zeal, and after hinting that Dr. Wright has theories on the limits of the kingdom of Og, King of Bashan, on Drusian round-towers, and that he appeals for missionary enterprise in the Hauran, we feel we have drawn down an eager, arguing crowd upon his book. But the title is a little unencouraging to the general reader, who needs, therefore, a special word of invitation.

That giant Christian enterprise with

* An Account of Palmyra and Zenobia. With Travels and Adventures in Bashan and the Desert. By Dr. William Wright. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. $2.50.

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the wide-stretching arms, the British and Foreign Bible Society, must have a quick eye for the men who are fitted first to get at and influence the inhabitants of far countries by their enthusiasm and courage, their open-mindedness and sympathy, and fitted, secondly, to give to the world the story of their attempt in a form as inspiriting as that of any secular adventures, and with never a hint of cant or professional solemnity. It was this Society that sent out George Borrow, and therefore was the means of giving us *The Bible in Spain*, in which Christian and pagan alike have delighted ever since. Much of the spirit of Borrow is in this other emissary of the Society, now its secretary, Dr. William Wright, who tells here the story of some of the expeditions he made during his nine years' residence in Syria. Those who know Borrow as he should be known, recognise the fascination of his chapter-headings. We know one Borrovian who takes down *Lavengro* and reads the full and suggestive contents with grateful, sparkling eyes, with a fine self-control putting aside the inside matter of the book to a more needy day. Well, Dr. Wright has learned something of the art from his predecessor, *e.g.*, the heading of chapter xx. "Two Horsemen—Challenge and Counter-challenge—The Dahbons and the Shillelah—Peace and Interview—Enemies become Friends—Home in Damascus." No reader could skip that chapter. Here he is an apt pupil. But it is not his signboard alone that is after the fashion of the master. There is the same hearty, unconventional ring about the stories, the same intense enjoyment in life, and travel, and peril. These things, however, belong to a man's self—he learns them not as a pupil. And those who have read Dr. Wright's history of *The Brontës in Ireland* know he has abundant individuality of his own, and humour and spirit not to spoil either an adventure or the tale of it. His exploration of Palmyra, his visit to Bashan, and his desert wanderings were not tame affairs. He was not on the tourist track, and robbery and sudden death might any day have been the fate of his party. He was, however, in good training for hardship of any kind. Burton had told him to take ladder-ropes and grappling-irons for the ascent of the towers of Palmyra; and, that he should use them with effect, for weeks before his departure he "kept running up eighty-foot ladders like a hod-man, and climbing the slack-rope like a middy." A strong right arm, a good aim, coolheadedness, and a ready tongue to flatter, or bluster, or scoff, as occasion required, were all needful; but ingenuity, too, had to be kept keenly sharpened in readiness for the Bedâwin. A party of these were uncomfortably near them one night, and as dawn might put them in the robbers' power, it was necessary to shake them off. With muslin from a helmet, and a little brandy, they set fire to some brushwood. "I fired two or three shots, sending the bullets whistling after our pursuers. At the same time we walked our horses between them and the fire, and danced round it, so that we might seem more numerous than we were. Then we galloped back in the darkness to the road, and crossed out into the desert on the other side." The Bedâwin hurried back for curiosity, leaving the route free.

The temper in which the difficult missionary enterprise was carried on, the many excellent human qualities bestowed on it besides piety, and some idea of the humour and good temper that characterise these adventures and their story, may be gathered from this account of an entry into a Druze village. To bring the people out Dr. Wright galloped up singing a stave of their own war-song. "Most of the villagers came out to meet us, and, salutations over, I pointed to the colporteur, who was opening his boxes, and told them that he had books for sale, God's books, and explanations of them by good and learned men. I then took an armful of books, and leaving the crowd around the boxes with the colporteur, I literally took a walk over the town, jumping from roof to roof, and saluting the people down in the courts, till I had a sufficient crowd around me; and then, sitting down on an aged stone, I read them passages that seemed to turn up by accident. I thus had an opportunity of seeing the whole town, and of offering books to every soul in it. Sometimes the crowd became menacing, and then I became aggressive, and questioned them in such a manner as to turn their attention from me to themselves. When it became a case of 'throwing pearls before swine,' I commenced to

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purchase their old coins and medals, like other travellers."

Perhaps these samples and suggestions of the contents of Dr. Wright's brave and inspiriting book will serve to attract to it the many readers, besides Biblical scholars, for whom it seems specially written, yet whom rumours of its learned research and missionary purpose might leave indifferent enough.

ECLOGUES IN LONDON.*

An objection might be made very readily to the form in which Mr. Davidson has chosen to throw his verse, yet it is easy to understand how he determined it. The first quality noticeable in his work is a passionate hunger for nature, which would direct him almost instinctively, or at least by no difficult and circuitous paths, to the style which Vergil has made immortal. Vergil's shepherds discussed their pastoral subjects upon their pipes under the shade of beech-trees; Mr. Davidson's Cockney singers chant their praises of nature through the smoke and wires of Fleet Street. But indeed it may well be that they suffer nothing from this incongruous environment. The contrast would seem rather to wing their enthusiasm to more reckless flights. It is even with fanatical eyes that Mr. Davidson regards the country. He derives a great part of his inspiration from it. When Mr. Watson sings, though you will have occasion to admire his beautiful manner, you will also find a difficulty in believing him quite sincere. There is no question of Mr. Davidson's sincerity. His impressions are at first hand, his observation is original. Almost anywhere in this new volume you may happen upon a passage illustrative of these qualities in him, as for instance in this remarkable picture of Edinburgh:

"The chill and brindled fog
That plumed the Bass and belted Berwick Law,
That hung with ghostly tapestry the stones
Of bleak Tantallon, from the windy Forth,
Noiseless and dim, speeds by the pier of Leith,
And by Leith Walk, its dreary channel old,
To flood the famous city, Edinburgh.
Then, like a spectre of an inland sea
By wanton sorcerers troubled and destroyed,
It foams with whitening surges through the vale,
The fair green hollow over Salisbury crags;
And rises clasping every gentle slope,
Uneven scar, and fairy-girdled knoll,
Till with the hungry passion of the dead
It hugs the high earth, frantic to supply
Its own lean misty ribs, and live again
Terrestrial, with the mountain for a soul."

Dozens of examples might be picked from these pages, exemplifying the same striking power. Here, for instance, is another picture, achieved by a remarkable magic of words:

"Sunrise and sunset like a glowing vice
Bloodstained that grips the world; the restless moon
Swung low to light us; clouds; the limpid sky;
The bourdon of the great ground-bee, athwart
A lonely hill-side, vibrant on the air,
And subtler than the scent of violets;
Sonorous winds, storm, thunder, and the sea."

Mr. Davidson's work is not elaborated with that chaste and disciplined decorum which characterises Mr. Watson, but on the other hand it owns a strength and a virility which Mr. Watson lacks. This note of virile confidence dominates his poetry, even where it culminates in harshness. Nay, the very harshness is naturally effluent from that stubborn strength. But it must not be imagined that such a grip, almost ruthless, presupposes a want of delicacy.

The intensity of feeling, however, follows Mr. Davidson into all his moods, for he is not always singing pæans of Nature. The best poem, beyond question, in this volume, is that entitled "Lammas," in which Ninian is the chief speaker. We have already extracted from this the description of Edinburgh. But besides being full of such passages, "Lammas" contains something more. It is a curiously strenuous piece of philosophy. Ninian supposes his boy to reproach him with the inferior constitution he has inherited. What answer shall he make?

"My son, your ancestors supplanted you;
You are my child; hence are your teeth on edge.
Our blood is stale; the tree from which we spring
Fades at the top. . . .
. . . The sounds and sights that visit you
Attend me too, foretellers of our doom.
The ultimate iniquity is mine;
But from a root in distant ages sunk
The loathsome filaments entangle you.
And I impeach the smooth conniving world,
The bland accomplice that has made and makes
A merit of defeat, a cult of woe,
Sowing exhausted land with seed that's foul,
To harvest tares of madness, impotence,
Uncomeliness in wasteful granaries."

* First and Second Series of Fleet Street Eclogues. By John Davidson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 25.

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The same spirit, too, is evident in the pessimistic Menzies, who will not join in celebrating the triumphs of England.

> "I cannot see the stars and flowers,
> Nor hear the lark's soprano ring,
> Because a ruddy darkness lowers
> For ever, and the tempests sing."

These vehement strains mark Mr. Davidson as an individual poet. He derives from no one but himself. His thoughts are his own, and his manner of expressing them owes nothing to his contemporaries and his forerunners. The "Ballad of the Nun" it was that first brought him into public notice, but, good as that was, here is better work still. And yet it is odd to reflect that what is true of Mr. Watson is true also of Mr. Davidson, and that both seem wanting in that pure lyrical faculty of which Tennyson was so great an exemplar. There are signs, indeed, that Mr. Davidson could if he would, but so far his impatience has burst the confines of the lyric and flowed out in such work as this, for which, being what it is, we should be grateful.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

A NEW MANUAL OF LIBRARY SCIENCE.*

For a subject which occupies so much attention and about which so much is written in periodical form, library science has comparatively few systematic treatises to show. It is true a number have been threatened, but thus far the public have been spared. This book by M. Maire, Assistant Librarian at the Sorbonne, which has just appeared, is worthy of note not so much from its positive value for working librarians or students of library matters as for what can be gathered from that which it does not say.

The book is a substantial volume of nearly 600 octavo pages, from which, however, there should be subtracted over 100 which the author has devoted to a dictionary of typography, interesting, no doubt, to a bookmaker, but hardly worthy a place in a manual for a librarian. In the 500 pages which remain to the author for the treatment of his subject proper, he has covered substantially the whole field, giving the history of libraries, the character, qualities and function of a librarian, library buildings, library fittings, books and their acquisition, cataloguing, classification, and library service.

It is fair, I think, to assume that this volume, which is written with care and intelligence, represents substantially the prevailing views on library administration in France, and may be reasonably taken as a statement of the condition of library science in that country. As such a picture, the book has its chief interest for us, and it would seem entirely fair to compare the conditions there described with what the representative modern American library undertakes to do. I do not, however, think the practical sense of the French should be held responsible for the plan of a library building which the author inserts as his idea of how a library should be constructed. M. Maire has surrounded his elaborately planned building with a passage-way about the entire structure next to the windows and occupying the best-lighted space of the whole building. By this means he makes the distance from one point to another the greatest possible, but gives the advantage of a walk in the light, even though the other functions of the library are to be performed under less favourable circumstances.

The designs and suggestions for library fittings and furniture seem crude, and it is evident that most of the improvements which have been devised within the last twenty years in this country are either unknown in France or have been ignored by our author. In the chapter devoted to the art of cataloguing books he treats his subject with considerable care, giving us copious examples of how the thing should be done. I think most competent American cataloguers would consider his work and models extremely primitive. It would not, in my opinion, be unfair to compare a catalogue of learned works in the various languages made on the principles and pattern advocated in this volume with work of mediocre excellence done in this country twenty or thirty years ago, and the conviction is forced upon the mind that in this field of activity the French are remaining at a standstill.

At a period when the literature which investigators must control has increased almost beyond computation, and when

* Manuel Pratique du Bibliothécaire, Bibliothèques Publiques, Bibliothèques Universitaires, Bibliothèques Privées; par Albert Maire. Paris: Picard, 1896.

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the most thorough and practical means of access should be provided to the immense mass of material, it is evident that the care and labour which is being bestowed in America to perfect indexes and catalogues is wisely applied, and that it must, sooner or later, have its influence on the character and thoroughness of work done in all fields of science.

M. Maire has an interesting chapter devoted to the classification of books which is of value in that it shows not only the methods and schemes employed in the various French libraries, but contains in brief a large number of schemes of classification actually in use elsewhere. At a time when American libraries were intent upon improving their systems of arrangement of books by subjects, laying greater or less weight on careful subject classification, it may be interesting to note the action which the authorities in France took with regard to the system of university libraries, which are pre-eminently libraries of scholars throughout France. The author says: "The Central Commission for Libraries has made a bold innovation and created a system which can perhaps be criticised by persons incompetent in bibliography, but which presents a logical directness and a freedom from doubt in the classification of books which guarantees not only the entries on all the records, the simplification of the catalogues, but also readiness in procuring the book." This system, which may not be widely known in this country, consists simply in dividing all books into three sizes and storing them on the shelves in just the order in which they come into the library. It is in this manner then, and without any classification except that of size, that the new accessions in all the university libraries in France are arranged.

Whether this method, which the author admits might be criticised by those incompetent in bibliography, meets the approval of those who are competent in France, I am unable to say. M. Maire has no adverse criticism to make, but I think American universities would be slow to adopt these suggestions. That the same absolute lack of any classification prevails in all the university libraries is one of the beautiful results of a central control over libraries such as has been dreamed of by some in this country. The only way one can account for the frame of mind of the official who promulgated this regulation is by the possibility that he had been working in some library arranged on one of the schemes of minutely close classification which have been devised in this country during the past generation. There is, however, no historical evidence to this effect.

M. Maire has a most interesting and valuable collection of documentary matter relating to the administration of French libraries, and as a compilation of such material and a statement of French methods of library administration his book must be deemed of value. In examining some of these regulations one is reminded of the story of the pianist who, in the kindly way musicians sometimes have, said of a brother artist, to whom he had been listening, "He has a technique which enables him to execute with the greatest difficulty the most easy passages."

It oftentimes happens, however, that the things which seem difficult and complicated in description are, when executed, comparatively simple and sensible, and it may be doubted if in actual practice the administration of French libraries is not simpler and more direct than a perusal of this volume would lead us to suppose

The historical notes which the author gives, the official documents and similar material, together with the systems of classification included, all give this book a value not to be denied; and if the volume is of little practical value for the American librarian as a guide for the things he has to do, it may be of much greater service in France.

George H. Baker.

FRINGILLA.*

At the lowest estimate this is a literary curiosity of uncommon interest. But between that cold view of the matter and the impossible one of regarding *Fringilla* as possessed of high poetic merit, there is another in which all who read books with human, as well as literary, sympathy must surely rest. It has not a tithe of the art to be found in the

* Fringilla; or, Tales in Verse. By Richard Doddridge Blackmore. Pictures by Will H. Bradley. Cleveland, O.: The Burrows Bros. Co. $3.50.

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most trivial verse-books of the day. And of poetry, using the word in any sense that would win general agreement, there is not much to show. But it has something, nevertheless, so genuine and so arresting to any reader not too finnicking about style and melody, that mockery of the external uncouthness is more than half silenced. Mr. Blackmore is a real, hearty lover of romance; he likes it pure and fresh, yet not too ethereally beyond common human interest; and some legendary stories that have struck his imagination he has put into words, not at all suitable to their theme, but vigorous and wide-awake, and expressing, at least, his own delight.

As long ago as 1854 (the publishers are wrong in stating that this is his first volume of poems) Mr. Blackmore wrote an address to his pen:

"Thou feeble implement of mind
Wherewith she strove to scrawl her name;
But, like a mitcher, left behind
No signature, no stroke, no claim,
No hint that she hath pined.

"Shall ever come a stronger time,
When thou shalt be a tool of skill,
And steadfast purpose, to fulfil
A higher task than rhyme?"

Whatever be the exact meaning of his words, without twisting them overmuch we can acknowledge that his aspiration has been fulfilled. Only, the "tool of skill" has been employed, with a right instinct, in other fields than verse, and English fiction is the richer. No laborious nights and days, no long pondering on art, would have made him into a skilful or a charming rhymer. The verse of *Fringilla* is that of one who finds exceptional difficulty in metrical expression.

"The form, if any form it had,
Was likest to a mighty vision
In mantle of amazement clad,
A terror sense, without precision,
Of something bad"—

This verse, neither better nor worse than scores of others, could not have been produced by any one with a nice ear for melody, nor with a sense of the obligations of rhythm. If the uncouthness were occasional there might be reason in grumbling, but it is so characteristic and consistent that one grows to accept, without a start of irritation, lines like

"As at a window of heaven thrown up,
All in a dazzling blaze are shown up,"

and, with a certain enjoyment, the description of Duke Iram's horse scornfully watching the preparations for the sacrifice of the Egyptian maiden—

"He hath snuffed the great Sahara,
And the mute parade of stars;
Shall he brook this shrill fanfara,
Ramshorns, pigskins, screechy jars?"

But in the midst of the rough mass there are many vigorous lines, striking, unconventional epithets, and grave thoughts that find gentle and sweet utterance. The best of these are in "Mount Arafa," a legend of the parting of Adam and Eve after their expulsion from Paradise, and their blissful meeting after many sad wanderings.

"The Spirit of the Lord arose,
And made the earth and heaven to quiver,
And scattered all his hellish foes,
And deigned His good stock to deliver
From all their woes.

"So long the twain had strayed apart,
That each as at a marvel gazed,
With eyes abashed, and brain amazed;
While heart inquired of heart.

"Our God hath made a fairer thing
Than fairest dawn of summer day—
A gentle, timid, fluttering,
Confessing glance, that seeks alway
Rest for its wing.

"A sweeter sight than azure skies,
Or golden star thereon that glideth;
And blessed are they who see it rise,
For, if it cometh, it abideth
In woman's eyes."

Not high poetry this, but genuine.

His principal stories—"Lita of the Nile," which tells how a maiden vowed to the great river-god for the sake of her people is saved from her fate without losing her patriotic and religious honour; "Kadisha" and "Mount Arafa," two Adam and Eve legends, and "Pausias and Glycera"—may lose something in the telling. They are not very dramatic in his hands. But he brings out their plain obvious meaning plainly—not an ordinary feat for a minor poet—and he does not make them dull. "Buscombe" may be passed over in silence. It is not gracious to make marked reference to Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy."

We do not know whether or not the persuasion of friends was the impelling force to the publication of *Fringilla*, but even with a sense of the literary obligation of any one who has written such excellent prose romances as Mr. Blackmore, we cannot regard the publication

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as an indiscretion. It has revealed such a lasting belief in beauty and purity, such fresh and genuine emotions, that we like the writer better than before, and find reason for this in the line that ends "Mount Arafa"—

"For half the mind is heart."

The decorative designs of Mr. Bradley are charming.

SOME RECENT VOLUMES OF VERSE.*

If Messrs. Way and Williams, who publish *Under the Pines*, would offer us a dollar for every poem that we might turn out after the model of those contained in this pretty little volume, we estimate that we should be able to earn about $250 a day for the rest of our natural life; and we are not much of a hand at poetry either. We were going to say that some of the lines remind us of the earlier work of the new Poet Laureate, but we don't wish to be too severe on a book written by a lady. As for the two other collections of verses before us, published by the same firm, we see no harm in them. The lines scan correctly, and the rhymes perform their function with unfailing regularity. To be sure, Mr. Dalman tells us that he drinks cider "in cups of Barum ware," and he even says that he is styled one of "a tipsy good-for-nothing crew;" but somehow or other we do not think that he is really a bad man, and are almost certain that he is safely tucked up in bed every night before ten o'clock.

Mr. Bliss Carman is a very uneven versifier. When he is writing of the country and of the moods that thrive in the free air he is wonderfully effective at giving one a thrill of springtime buoyancy; and sometimes he imparts a certain weirdness and what we may call a feeling of apprehension, as in his "Song before Sailing," that fill one with a most uncanny creepiness. This quality is well caught by Mr. Meteyard, who has furnished the volume with some very original illustrations. But several of Mr. Carman's poems are too much for us. There is the seventeen-page poem put into the mouth of a young woman who speculates on a mysterious lodger

"So reticent and tall,
With eyes of flame,"

and whose cape-coat has a rip. This young woman would like to look through the keyhole of his door at night, which would surely be very improper; and when he plays on the violin she shakes like a reed on her bed, from which we infer that the lodger belongs to a German band. She also says "Wirrah, my lad, my lad!" which tells us something about her nationality also. Who was the lodger anyhow? We read the poem all through in the hope of finding out, and then didn't. If Mr. Carman will tell us privately, we will promise not to let any one else know. Then there is his other poem, "The Night Express," in which is the following remarkable stanza:

"We pant up the climbing grade,
And coast on the tangent mile,
While the Driver toys with the throttle-bar,
And gathers the track with his smile!"

How on earth does he do that? No wonder that Mr. Carman speaks of him with a capital D. Yet the effect of the last line is to make us gather the whole poem with a smile.

When *Songs of a Fool* came to us in its very modest little pamphlet form and paper cover, and with the imprint of a newspaper office on its title-page, our table was already heaped high with volumes of verse, and our first impulse was to drop this latest arrival softly into the waste-basket. If we had, we should have done a very foolish thing, for there is more of the true spirit of poetry in these pages than in a dozen of the elaborately bound volumes that serve as amber for the preservation of so many metrical flies. *Songs of a Fool* shows real feeling, subtlety of thought, and in spite of some technical defects, a delicate sense of harmony. We do not know the author, but we should like to, for she will be heard of again beyond any question. These stanzas will justify our assertion:

"My Lady and I went walking one day,
In the early Autumn, when days grow cool;
My Lady was beautiful, bright and gay;
And I—well, I was a Fool.

* Under the Pines and other Verses. By Lydia Avery Cooley. Chicago: Way & Williams, $1.25.
Song Favours. By C. W. Dalman. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.
Vespertilia and Other Verses. By R. M. Watson. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.50.
Behind the Arras. By Bliss Carman. Boston and New York: Lamson, Wolffe & Co.
Songs of a Fool. By Geraldine Meyrick. Press of the Semi-Monthly Letter, San José, Cal.
Poems. By Ernest McGaffey. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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"As we stood on a cliff, with the sea below,
There were fleecy clouds in the sky above;
And I—I was only a Fool, you know,—
I tried to tell her my love.

"I remember, well, that the skies were blue,
Yet the wind from the North came somewhat cool
As my Lady laughed. What else could she do,
Since I was only a Fool?

"And I know, had she acted otherwise,
Left the holy height upon which she was born,
And come down to me,—in sudden surprise
My love would have turned to scorn.

"Ah yes! I am sure it was better so;
Much better for her that she laughed, unmoved;
As for me, though still but a Fool, you know,
I am wiser for having loved."

Of all the poets who have lately reached the stage at which their verses appear in book form, Mr. Ernest McGaffey is easily the first. His vigorous and graceful lines have long been read with pleasure by those who have perused them in the magazines, and now that they are gathered together and augmented by others, it is possible to see more clearly than ever how admirable a metrical artist he is. An eye as keen as Kipling's for whatever is vivid and striking and picturesque, a sense of proportion and of form that is as fine as it is unusual, and a gift of harmony and musical expression that never fails—all these combine to make Mr. McGaffey, in our judgment, the strongest of the younger poets now rising into permanent reputation. He has a splendid lyrical quality, and there is, moreover, something true and wholesome about his work that takes us out of the fetid atmosphere of eroticism and the perfumed oppressiveness of the triolet-trillers into the fresh, strong air of the sea, the mountain, and the illimitable prairie. One feels invigorated by the reading of his lines and by intellectual contact with his perfect sanity. And when he touches the chords that summon tears, he is very powerful. We have read no lines more tender and touching for many a long day than these that follow:

"Dear heart, sweet heart, your baby hands
Have touched and passed this floating world,
Have loosed their hold on life's frail strands
And now upon your breast lie furled
Twin blossoms of eternal peace,
Like lilies on untroubled streams,
When the rude winds have made surcease
And summer's glory drifts and dreams.

"Dear heart, sweet heart, your waxen lips
Shall never touch my cheek again,
For they are steeped in an eclipse
Which lies beyond my mortal ken;
And that great sphinx of death who keeps
His silent vigil over all,
Has left your face as one who sleeps—
Save for the bosom's rise and fall.

"Dear heart, sweet heart, your tender eyes
With all their depths of wondering,
Are closed for aye; as droops and dies
The first sweet violet bank of spring;
And their far look of thought unthought
Shall never come again, or be,
Since this remorseless change was wrought,
That closed the gates 'twixt thee and me.

"Dear heart, sweet heart, the lonely way
Seems doubly steep since you are gone,
The dawn has faded out of day,
The rose has faded out of dawn;
And I, alas, must needs go down
My hand unclasped by any child,
To wear the Cross without the crown
And walk through life unreconciled.

"Dear heart, sweet heart, 'mid hopes and fears
I bend and kiss you, thus, and thus;
Mine eyes are dim with brimming tears,
My lips with grief are tremulous;
My baby boy—that you should die
And out into the darkness go,
Beyond my broken-hearted cry,
I loved you so, I loved you so."

Mr. McGaffey is no mere facile rhymer, no mere elaborator of commonplace ideas. He is a poet.

H. T. P.

LITERARY ANECDOTES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

The writer of the Literary History of the Nineteenth Century will have a great deal of the most troublesome part of his work done for him by the editors of the work that begins so satisfactorily in this volume. What cannot be found in well-stocked libraries, what can only be found after much searching in the greatest libraries, and only by a man who has the *flair* for the business, will be gathered here. But it is not the worthless, better-buried stuff of the great writers that is being collected. Of these great writers, Blake, Shelley, Landor, Hawthorne, Browning, and Mrs. Browning are dealt with in Volume I. The Blake contribution, documents printed from contemporary manuscripts concerning the poet's trial for sedition, gives a kind

* Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century. Contributions towards a Literary History of the Period. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., and Thomas J. Wise. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Vol. I. $8.00 net.

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of coherence to the remarkable circumstances for the first time. There are ten letters from Shelley to Leigh Hunt that show the poet on his delightfully human side mostly grave in humour, but with a keen sense of friendship's duties in his most depressed moods.

"What motives have I to write? I *had* motives, and I thank the God of my own heart they were totally different from those of the other apes of humanity who make mouths in the glass of time. But what are *those* motives now? The only inspiration of an ordinary kind I could descend to acknowledge would be the earning of £100 for you; and that it seems I cannot."

Landor's letters to Lady Blessington, interspersed abundantly with prose and verse for use in her Keepsakes, are very characteristic of his impulsive generosity.

"I will send you, or bring you, fifty things for the Book of Beauty—I will never write anything that is not yours."

And of his contempt of popularity—

"I received more pleasure from my Lucullus, my Epicurus, and my Diogenes, than I could receive from not only extensive popularity but from eternal fame. They satisfied my heart, which is larger than the World's and nearer home."

Mr. Wise's Bibliography of Browning is done with the thoroughness which characterises all his work.

Coming to the minor writers, we find a charming tribute to the young Tennysons by Arthur Hallam, a remarkable Dramatic Scene omitted from Charles Wells's *Joseph and his Brethren*, a life of the too little-known poet and dramatist, Thomas Wade, with poems enough in number and quality to justify the interest the editors have taken in him, and a biography of that romantic, adventurous character, Richard Horne, with his "Ballad of Delora," which Browning was not alone in fervently admiring. On another page we have reprinted from this volume a delightfully naïf "Opinion on Tennyson," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with a fac-simile of her manuscript. There are other gleanings, too, hardly less interesting, in remote but fertile corners of nineteenth century literature. Mr. Buxton Forman's help here and elsewhere is gratefully acknowledged by the editors.

For the Blake portrait the original plate, etched by Bell Scott from Phillips's oil sketch from the life, has been used. Numerous fac-similes and reproductions of title-pages give an additional interest to the volume, which, one should also mention, is very handsomely and tastefully produced.

NOVEL NOTES.

LOVERS' SAINT RUTH'S AND THREE OTHER STORIES. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.00.

These stories, the author modestly states in her preface, "stand for apprentice-work in fiction." Miss Guiney has hitherto been known chiefly as a poet; and it is the poetic imagination rather than the distinctive imagination of the story-teller or the novelist which has been at work in them. They are dramatic in the large sense that poetry may be dramatic, in their choice of significant moments (the situations round which all the stories turn are dramatically suggestive), rather than imaginative in their minute play on the details of human life. The author has more knowledge of the soul drama than wide observation of the facts—personal idiosyncrasies, bits of nature—that make one feel very much at home in the novel. Her style is in narrative as terse, and in description as concrete as in her poetry. But her characters do not talk like our next-door neighbours; they have the grand accent, as a rule.

The story in which the writer has best realised her intention is the one that appears in the book title. In *Lovers' Saint Ruth's*, we find Miss Guiney in her true atmosphere. The memory of "old, unhappy, far-off things" is the best material for the delicate archaism of her style. Then, too, the dramatic theme, one the literary counterpart of which it is hard to recall, has unique power. A pure woman is outraged, and her affianced lover (to whom alone the fact is known) resolves, for her absolute protection, to keep it secret and to marry her immediately. Her child is treated as his real heir by this loyal husband, who soon has to face the difficult alternative of injustice to his own children or betrayal of the woman he loves. This story is

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told with a concentrated reserve that throws into finest relief its dramatic intensity.

Of the other three stories of the book, "The Provider" is perhaps best told. Miss Guiney has to our mind managed her theme with far more delicacy and nature (if one can manage so unnatural a theme as the suicide of a child with nature) than Mr. Hardy, who, by a coincidence, as Miss Guiney explains, has fallen upon a similar motive in *Jude the Obscure*. Next to "Lovers' Saint Ruth's," "An Event on the River" has the strongest subject, though somehow it disappoints us in the rendering. Its mellow tone, its distant perspective of New England life through the romantic atmosphere suggests Hawthorne as an inspiration.

THE LOST STRADIVARIUS. By J. Meade Falkner. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

Ghosts are usually mere accessories in modern fiction, and it is therefore delightfully new to find one figuring as the central character of a recent romance. Perhaps it were more correct to say that it is delightfully old, since the only story which this new one even remotely suggests is *Frankenstein*. There is no more than the slightest resemblance, however, the hero-phantom being in no sense a repulsive monster, but, on the contrary, a fascinating fiend. Here and there are signs that the book may have been written under the spell of Mrs. Shelley's wonderful tale; such, for instance, as the horrible hue of the ghost's face, which, like that of her monster, is something more mysterious and infinitely more awful than even the pallor of death. But conceding that such were indeed the case, there could still be no suspicion of imitation; the work is too truly original for that; and in point of literary quality it need scarcely fear comparison even with the famous tale which was written under the critical supervision of Shelley and Byron. For, it may be said without reserve, *The Lost Stradivarius* is one of the finest modern works of its kind, and the intellectual satisfaction which it gives is uncommonly complete. Dealing frankly with the supernatural as its very *raison d'être*, the story moves towards the debatable land lying between this world and the next with a calm, steady saneness of manner that is curiously convincing. Arguing nothing, explaining nothing, of the possibility—or impossibility—of the influence of the dead over the living, the story goes quietly on to unfold such an instance of it as freezes the marrow in one's bones. For this particular influence is for evil, not for good, the ghost representing the spiritual essence, if the term be permissible, of unspeakable and unimaginable wickedness such as may be only hinted at. This lost spirit—that of a cultivated man of the world—is called back to the scene of an ill-spent earthly existence after a century's absence by certain strains of music loved and played by him during life. The musician—a young student—to whom the ghostly presence manifests itself, cannot see it at first. He only hears it as it sits down beside him as he begins to play, and rises when he has finished playing. But by and by there comes a change. The young man falls in love, and the elevating force of a strong passion combined with the influence of the evil music—"for we must remember that the influence of music, though always powerful, is not always for good"—endows him with a sort of sixth sense, and enables him to see that which has previously been invisible. Finally the living man discovers the lost violin of the dead man, thus riveting his chains until the evil spirit dominates his life and wrecks it even as Frankenstein's monster dominated and wrecked his.

NIM AND CUM AND THE WONDER-HEAD STORIES. By Catharine Brooks Yale. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

Decidedly the best and most original sketch in this little collection is the one which gives the book its title. "Nim" and "Cum" are two lofty, vague figures—very vague and very lofty—since they have their being in a lofty, vague sort of way in the air and are undefinable and illimitable. Neither could be subject to such artifice as is resorted to in "The Bottle Imp"—they are above that kind of thing. When Cum fans herself, the people say, "How the wind blows!" When she drinks all she wants out of the Big Dipper, which seems to hang in the sky for her convenience, and throws the rest out, the people say, "How it rains!" They go a-fishing with the North Pole and the equinoctial line, and when they land a fine large ocean steamer on the coast of San

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Francisco, the people say, "Here's a wreck!" and point to the hole where it was struck by lightning! Then they trap the Great Bear and broil it over the crater of Vesuvius, and for dessert they skim the cream off the Milky Way, and with a handful of ice from the Frigid Zone they contrive to make ice cream. Nim makes love to Cum, and causes great excitement among the newspaper men, who observe the strange meteorological perturbations caused by Cum's appropriation of the Temperate Zone for a belt and Nim's selection of one of Saturn's rings for Cum's engagement finger. "You have lost something," says Cum to Nim; "when you reached up and took that ring from Saturn I saw you drop Time and Space." Of course it is an absurd extravaganza, but very amusing; and its sportive humour on a colossal scale has a touch of Richter, who, said Carlyle, plays at bowls with the sun and moon. The half dozen Wonder-Head stories which follow are in the same playful vein, but their subjects are more earthly, if sprite-like, and less fearfully and wonderfully imagined. The stories are decorated with head and tail-pieces, which attest the artist in the author as well as the author in the artist. Like all the little books which this firm has recently offered as first-fruits of its enterprise, *Nim and Cum* is exceedingly well housed in dainty form.

FOR PLAIN WOMEN ONLY. By George Fleming. The Mayfair Set. New York: The Merriam Co. $1.25.

George Fleming has the manner of all the greatest, or at least all the most effectual, sages of the world. She speaks to babes or to persons of plain intellect in terms and by figures familiar to them. But these homely references cover depths of philosophy. Each man, each woman in this case, takes what she can away. The literal-minded, stung by the common sense of the counsel, will hasten from these pages to a survey of her wardrobe and her person. More strength to her efforts!—and may she be joined by those who frivolously consider Aunt Lavinia's wit, and the comedy which she plays with the minor personages, Theodore and Miss Fanny Smyth, as meant only to amuse them, and by the others who accept it as a book of stern heroic morality! Which it is mainly we hardly know. The comedy is delicious; the straight counsels are particularly adapted to this very year of something other than grace; and the stern morality is of the bracing kind that tempts even weak mortals to venture on its practice. There is a chapter on mirrors which comprises the whole duty of a member of society. LARGE LOOKING-GLASSES—live with these to learn your duty to your neighbour, to gain courage, to fit yourself into your place. But there, we are prosing, and George Fleming's profundity is not worn on her sleeve. It is by a right instinct that Aunt Lavinia's discourses are given a Shandyan turn. She has all the irrelevance, the depth, the contradictoriness, the despotism, the sense of the significance of small things, which we have long loved in Tristram's father. Above all, she is courageous and spirited. Her wit is undoubted; her rapid characterisation of the outside, and the inside, too, of Englishwomen is supreme—as when she excitedly wonders "why three quarters of the women of England should permanently remain dressed to face a crisis." But it is her unflinching spirit that is her master quality.

"'For what *is* plainness in a woman, Theodore? Answer me that!'

"'It is the common lot,' said I, sadly.

"'Fiddlesticks,' said my Aunt Lavinia. 'Plainness in a healthy woman is but the spiritless acceptance of a half hearted defeat,' said she."

A happy and a brilliant book.

There are hours when you will get more out of Aunt Lavinia than you will out of Epictetus.

GALLOPING DICK. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

We have seen a suggestion somewhere that this addition to highwaymen literature is an artificial production, that the author, by a great effort, stimulates in himself a relish for such adventure, and is not mastered by the enjoyment of it. If it be so, the artifice is not uncomfortably evident, and we doubt it altogether. Natural spontaneous liking must have gone to the making of Dick, else we should be colder to his mirth, his tricks, and his desperate enterprise. Long ago a clumsy little volume, *The Lives of Eminent Highwaymen and Murderers*, found its way into our infant hands. It was a fearsome, impressive collection then. Perhaps it would not seem so now

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for lack just of what Dick's chronicle has in plenty, whatever else it may lack, wit and spirit in the telling. Mr. Marriott Watson has broken into the present solemn vogue of adventure stories with a certain madcap humour which is very enlivening. May it be a light for others to follow! To make his highwayman a practical joker was a quick-witted thing to do, and with the aid of the writer's invention it answers admirably. The meetings with the Bishop and with Old Rowley himself, the two most extravagant chapters in the book, are the best, the most real, far more conceivable, as well as more enjoyable, than the story of the terrible duel in the dark in The Man for Cornwall, or of the tippling of the Chaplain in the jug. But Dick is better than any of the stories, a credit to his profession, by no means the lowest of humankind, but not a dandified stage villain either. He takes his calling seriously, in the intervals of joking, and has the rough as well as the smooth qualities needful for its successful pursuit. He is a gay rascal, and for our introduction to him on his way to the gallows we owe Mr. Watson our hearty thanks.

THE KING OF ANDAMAN. By J. Maclaren Cobban. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Mr. Cobban has chosen as his hero a romantic idealist, and he has set him down in the town whose reputation for shrewdness and hard practical qualities is greater than that of any other in these isles—for it is not difficult for Scots to identify Inverdoon. That hero is a weaver, but he is also the Master of Hutcheon, and sticks to the title, though it was forfeited by his forbears in the evil days of 1845. His dignity, however, he only makes use of to overawe those who would oppress his poor neighbours, whose fellow-workman he had long been, but for whom he feels the responsibility of a chieftain. A fortune is left him, and with it he means to sail for Andaman, tales of whose sunny climate have impressed his imagination, and settle there with his poverty-stricken folk. He is very gullible, and the practical jokes played on him, during the preparation for the expedition, by the villain Fergus O'Rhea, have unfortunate results, first on the Master, and finally on the villain himself. But Hutcheon sails away after all, and perhaps we shall hear some day how his philanthropic scheme of colonising Andaman with northern weavers turned out. We never feel the story very real, but there are portions of it that are very powerful—pictures of Scottish Chartism, for instance, and the contrast between the idealist Master, the clever scoundrel O'Rhea, and the crafty bargain-driving Frenchman Lepine.

THE WERE WOLF. By Clemence Housman. Illustrated by Lawrence Housman. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

Miss Housman has succeeded where the attempts are numerous to-day and the failures very many. She has retold an old legend, or rather summarised many legends, has made additions of her own, told it so as to pick out from it a modern meaning, and yet has enfeebled it not at all. Her success is very rare. The terrible story of the were wolf who, in the guise of the beautiful White Fell, fascinates Sweyn, to lead him to his destruction, and who is only foiled by the quick-souled Christian who feels and guesses the horror of their guest, but only saves his brother by his own death, is told with tender feeling, yet with due restraint. Miss Housman's undoubted imagination has been guided by real literary skill. She has been too good an artist to fall into the obvious snare of dropping her story while she pointed her moral. *The Were Wolf* should have a long life, and many successors from the same pen.

AMOS JUDD. By J. A. Mitchell. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

The present age is evolving a sort of compromise school of fiction in which the characters and *mise-en-scène* are conventional or even commonplace, but in which the combination of their characters and scenes with the things that happen is wildly romantic. This rather tickles one's fancy and gives a zest to one's reading that attracts the most blunted palates. Mr. J. A. Mitchell, who is a practised literary hand, has hit upon a delightful and unexpected combination of realism and romanticism in the book before us, and he manages the thing so artistically and with so much delicacy of touch that we no more baulk over his combinations that we do when Mr. Rudolph Rassendyl turns things upside down in Strelsau. Into Bingham Cross Roads in the Connecticut valley

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and a typical family of lank, unimaginative Yankees, Mr. Mitchell projects a young Indian prince with a gift of second sight, a money-belt containing seventy thousand dollars in cash, a pile of loose rubies worth some eight hundred thousand dollars, and a lot of stray pearls of indefinite value. This takes the reader's breath away as completely as it did that of the sedate inhabitants of Bingham Cross Roads; and having got the reader's attention by this remarkable concatenation of Orient and Occident, Mr. Mitchell holds it to the end of the tale by his own cleverness as a story teller. The book is very entertaining and is certain to take with the public, who greatly appreciate such gifts as those which Mr. Mitchell displays in *Amos Judd*.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE, KT. Being his Voyage and Travel which treateth of the Way to Jerusalem and of the Marvels of Ind with other Islands and Countries. Edited and profusely illustrated by Arthur Layard. With a Preface by John Cameron Grant. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.00 net.

Mr. Layard has done what has long been wanted for Maundevile; but till he had done it, it was not easy to say what were the requisites of the edition that was not and should be. Now we know: scholarly and at the same time popular editing, and no notes. A great many errors have survived in the generally available texts, and have even recently been repeated unintelligently. These are here rectified. Then Sir John's English is not plain sailing for readers to-day. It is absurd to limit the enjoyment of a capital story-book by a pedantic repetition of old forms; and it had to be given in a sufficiently familiar style, yet faithful to the real spirit. Maundevile is not easy to modernise, and we congratulate Mr. Layard, and still more ourselves, on the result. We don't suppose for a moment it ever occurred to him to carefully annotate the delightful nonsense of this romancer, seeking conscientiously a basis in fact for the wild statements. Still, it might have occurred to another with less humour, and we are glad that other had not the chance of spoiling this fascinating book.

A very handsome book it is externally, and Mr. Layard's illustrations are generous in number and excellent in quality. Only, they are the illustrations of a modern man with a keen sense of humour, who sees through the whole thing. We don't think Sir John was such a complete wag as to view his work in this way. The Jehan de Bourgogne story, we agree with the editor, must be pooh-poohed. Of course, the good knight did set out from England, and did knock about the world a good deal, setting down what he remembered or fancied he remembered, together with all the rumours that had reached him, and finding in the works and words of other travellers and wonder-lovers what would picturesquely fill the gaps. He had no conscience, of course—conscientiousness was not a traditional virtue of travellers. But he has never the air of writing with his tongue in his cheek. Rather, he seems a good garrulous grandfather, with children round him. Children, as all know, demand unhesitating and definite information. Therefore, he satisfies his audience after this fashion:

"At Babylon there is a fair Church of our Lady, where she dwelled seven year, when she fled out of the Land of Judea for Dread of King Herod. And there lieth the Body of Saint Barbara the Virgin Martyr. And there dwelled Joseph, when he was sold by his Brethren. And there made Nebuchadnezzar the King to be put three children into the Furnace of Fire."

And when authentic tales for them are exhausted, their unappeased appetite draws us on to invent. So with Sir John, and he was never at a loss. Then the old fellow's unobtrusive piety was probably not at all conventional. One can imagine him devout even to mysticism, and some of the marvellous things he declares he saw are uncommonly like religious visions confounded with actual sights. Such is the Bunyan-like adventure in the Valley of Peril, when he says:

"I was more devout then, than ever I was before or after, and all for the Dread of Fiends that

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I saw in diverse Figures, and also for the great Multitude of dead Bodies that I saw there lying by the way, by all the Vale, as though there had been a Battle between two Kings the mightiest of the Country, and that the Greater Part had been discomfited and slain."

For the first time we can read this delightful book of imagination and adventure in comfort, and we can think of no better wish for our friends than a long winter evening, an arm-chair, and Sir John for company.

THE COLONIAL CAVALIER. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

Upon a subject so often and so much written about as to seem worn out, the author has produced a work of charming freshness, as well as a book of appreciable historical value. Unusual research would show between the easy lines, without the long list of familiar and unfamiliar authorities; and something intimate in the tone seems to say that much of the material may have been gathered from unnamed private sources such as were inaccessible to the many who have tried with much less success to portray the colonial cavalier. Certainly it would be hard to imagine a finer portrait of the most picturesque figure in American history than this beautifully written, exquisitely printed, and fittingly illustrated book presents. "Hitherto the real comprehension of the colonial cavalier has been hindered by the florid enthusiasm of the South and the cynical coldness of the North. The colonial cavalier must be painted like Rembrandt with high lights and deep shadows." With this as the keynote the author traces the evolution of the type, subtly yet clearly differentiating it from other types of the time. "The central idea of the Puritan religion was fear of God; the centre of the cavalier's religion was love of man." Home rather than Church is shown to have been the sacred spot to him, and out of this sweet root apparently sprung many of his weaknesses, as well as his cordial manners, his radiant cheerfulness, his open-handed liberality, and his unbounded hospitality.

NURSERY ETHICS. By Florence Hull Winterburn. New York: The Merriam Co. $1.00.

It is not often that one finds so much good common sense compacted into a single small volume as is to be discovered here. Amid the innumerable fads that of late years have sprung up around the subject of child-life and the training of children, it is most refreshing to find at least one rational writer who does not get her inspiration wholly from text-books on psychology or the babble of the professional "educationist," but from her own keen observation and experience, and the good judgment that God has given her. Not but what the present author knows the books also; but she takes them for what they are worth and reads them in the light of reason. The chapters on Limitations to Authority, Conflicting Authority, The Early Indications of Individuality, and The Growth in Self-Government are packed full of truth; while the importance of pre-natal influence upon the child furnishes another very interesting chapter with a curious text. We cannot think of a better or more helpful book than this for a young and inexperienced mother.

THE MAKERS OF MODERN ROME. In Four Books. I. Honourable Women not a Few; II. The Popes who made the Papacy; III. Lo Popolo, and the Tribunes of the People; IV. The Popes who made the City. By Mrs. Oliphant. With illustrations by H. P. Riviere, A.R.W.S., and Joseph Pennell. New York: Macmillan & Co. $3.00.

This is on a larger scale than the author's *Makers of Florence*. The subject is more elaborately treated, and here and there too lengthily, we think, for what is necessarily a popular book. A little weeding out of some stodgy matter, however, is all that is wanted to make it serve its purpose excellently. As a populariser of culture very few writers equal Mrs. Oliphant; and though she has never pretended to original research, she has the historic sense. The chapters here that tell of Gregory the Great, of Hildebrand, and of Rienzi fill us with admiration, while the stories of the Roman ladies, whom she has chosen to illustrate the intimate life of the city, are told with much graciousness, and present us with some new points of view. It is a book for all who are not specialists, but it is a book especially for our countrymen and women in Rome, who will find no other guide-book at once so detailed and so readable. For us at home Mr. Riviere and Mr. Pennell have done a great deal, and that excellently, to bring the sites of the great events before our eyes.

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A METRICAL HISTORY OF NAPOLEON. By William J. Hillis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The title of this handsome book is rather unfortunate, because it leads one to suppose that the volume contains the story of Napoleon done into rhyme by some laborious poet; whereas it is really a collection, chronologically arranged, of notable poems inspired by the various phases of the great Emperor's meteoric career. Here we find Mrs. Barbauld's *Corsica*, Thornbury's *School-boy King* and *La Tricoteuse;* the three great revolutionary songs, *La Marseillaise*, *Ça Ira*, and *La Carmagnole;* Chénier's *Chant du Depart*, and Mrs. Hemans's *Casabianca*, together with a splendid collection of gems bearing such names as those of Byron, Mackay, Southey, Victor Hugo, François Coppée, Béranger, Ernst Arndt, Thomas Moore, and Robert Browning. Twenty-five photogravure portraits of persons intimately associated with the life of Napoleon add greatly to the value as well as to the interest of a work which every lover of Napoleonic literature ought to have in his possession.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have issued a much-needed new edition of Renan's *Life of Jesus*. This edition contains a newly revised translation from the twenty-third and final edition. A few biographical details of the author are given in the "Editor's Note," which, if rather slender and inadequate, will, we trust, have the effect of sending the reader to their source, Mr. Francis Espinasse's masterly little monograph, *The Life of Renan*, in the Great Writers Series, published by Walter Scott of London, and imported here by the Messrs. Cassell. The volume is substantially bound and the typography is excellent. (Price, $2.50.) The same firm has added two more volumes to its worthy edition of John Galt's novels. *The Entail; or, The Lairds of Grippy*—it was Galt's first thought to have called this history of three generations by the latter half of the title—is the longest and in some respects the most important of his works. There is no question concerning the charm of John Galt, and those who vaunt their inability to read his books had better be humble than vain about it. "*The Lairds of Grippy*," as Mr. Crockett says after his manner, "is a delightful chronicle, as wayward and wimplesome as the roads which led toward that kindly inheritance. . . . It is the note-book of a man who has begun to descend the autumnal slope of life." Ever fresh and admirable is the Leddy Grippy, "whose tongue goes like a well-oiled mill-happer from one end of the book to the other," and for whose sake Lord Byron read *The Lairds of Grippy* thrice over. (Price, $2.50.)

We notice with some relief that in her preface to the lectures which have been collected and published recently, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe does not entertain great expectations concerning their reception. These lectures served their purpose at the time, and we are sure that Mrs. Howe would not of herself have sought their publication in book form. She has a sense of her limitation to reach a wide audience at this day, and looks back with a thankful spirit to the "other days," content if these pages carry to a few the message which in person she was once able to bear. Mrs. Howe has been a messenger of hope and of gladness, and has cherished fond beliefs in the future of our country. Some who read these lines will doubtless be interested in this noble woman, and may desire to know the contents of this late volume. They are, "Is Polite Society Polite?" "Paris," "Greece Revisited," "The Salon in America," "Aristophanes," "The Halfness of Nature," and "Dante and Beatrice." Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company are the publishers. There is a photograph of Mrs. Howe; and a lavish expenditure of fine type and paper, together with a quaint cover in brown paper boards, give the book an importance that is merely superficial.

'Cension, by Maude Mason Austin (Harper's Little Novels, price, $1.00), is the story of a woman's misplaced love, the long, sorrowful road to disillusionment, and the vindication of the ever womanly amid gross surroundings for foreground; and for background there is the picturesque ranch life near Paso del Norte, where excitement prevails among the indolent Mexicans over the American railroad enterprise at the time of the tale. "Alas, it is only the same old story!" concludes the author, but it is the old story told over again, so as to impart a fresh illusion while reading it.

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The latest volume of the Ex-Libris Series, edited by Mr. Gleeson White, and imported by the Macmillans from the London house of Messrs. George Bell and Sons, is entitled *Ladies' Bookplates*, an illustrated handbook for collectors and book-lovers, by Norna Labouchere. (Price, $3.00.) An attempt has been made to trace the history of women's plates, and to give some account of those Ex-Libris which seem to call for especial attention. The book is profusely illustrated with reproductions of ladies' plates, some of which are very interesting. It is in uniform binding with those which have already appeared.——Balzac's *Ursule Mirouët*, if not exactly in the first class for power, takes high rank, Mr. Saintsbury tells us —and he is a candid critic—for variety of interest and for the peculiar character of its scheme. It has no duplicate in its author's work, and we could not spare it. Mr. D. Murray Smith continues to adorn the Dent edition of Balzac with his etchings, and the frontispiece in the present volume is particularly well done. (Price, $1.50.) We could wish for convenience' sake that these volumes had been numbered, as there is no means of knowing from the books themselves how many have been already issued. The same observation applies to the People's Edition of *Tennyson's Poetical Works*, two volumes of which are now before us; one containing "Will Waterproof" and other poems, and the other the first half of "The Princess." (Price, 75 cents.)

"Of the making of books there is no end"—one is tempted to the trite phrase again after turning over the leaves of *The Spinster's Scrip*, compiled by one who has the courage to print a name on the title-page—Cecil Raynor. For every day in the year there is a word of comfort to the spinster, whispering consolation and contentment with her lot; nay more, the connubial state is so mocked at, laughed at, sneered at, and covered over with mingled satire and pity, that we fear for some unsuspecting female in whom there is no guile declaring with Tennyson (you will find it under December 31st), "An' a spinster I be, an' I will be, if soä please God, to the end." There are all sorts of quotations from the mere witticism, "Is courtship bliss? Marriage is blister," to the grave reflection of Landor, "Death itself to the reflecting mind is less serious than marriage;" and their sources represent a varied and wide field of reading. George Meredith is oft quoted; indeed, he has the month of June all to himself. Some fun is to be had out of its amusing extracts; we have only one serious criticism to make—namely, the author's work as well as his name should have been given in each case. One encounters a rude shock quite unnecessarily sometimes from certain things that are said by the characters in certain books, but apparently at first glance by the authors themselves. (Price, $1.00. Macmillan.)

The Sheikh's White Slave, by Raymond Raife, is a book of mystery and adventure of the Rider Haggard order which has merits that will commend it to many boys and to some persons of mature age. Its illustrations are very spirited—one in particular which represents a man falling into a den of lions is enough to give the most *blasé* of readers a comfortable shudder. But the artist has made one slip that we beg to point out. On page 298 we read that "a shot . . . struck the weapon Tom held in his hand. The blade was smashed." But the illustration of the scene a moment later shows the aforesaid weapon in admirable condition and with no sign of smash at all. (Lovell, Coryell and Company.)——The Messrs. Macmillan send us *A Tale of Two Cities* in their reprint of Dickens from his corrected edition. It has an introduction by Charles Dickens the Younger, and reproduces the original illustrations by H. K. Browne ("Phiz") and Fildes, and also the wrapper and title-page of the first edition. (Price, $1.00.)——The latest addition to the Heroes of the Nations Series is a life of Charles XII. of Sweden, by R. Nisbet Bain. It has numerous illustrations and maps. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50.) ——Miss H. A. Guerber has rewritten the most famous of the Norse and Old German Myths in her latest book, *Myths of Northern Lands*, having especial reference to the use made of these legends in literature and art. The volume, which is handsomely illustrated, is published by the American Book Company. ($1.50.) Messrs. Ginn and Company send us Beman and Smith's *Plane and Solid Geometry*, and the Messrs. Appleton the latest addition to their International Science Series in *Movement*, by

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E. J. Marey, of the Collège de France, with 200 illustrations. We have also received from the Messrs. Macmillan a copy of Count Benedetti's *Studies in Diplomacy*, which we reserve for a more extended notice hereafter.

RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

We have received four volumes of the Arden Shakespeare published by Messrs. D. C. Heath and Company, of Boston, each volume containing a single play, with a separate glossary, essay on metres, and index, besides notes that deal primarily with the play on its literary side. The four plays and their respective editors are, *Twelfth Night* (Arthur D. Innis), *Hamlet* (E. K. Chambers), *Julius Cæsar* (Arthur D. Innis), and *As You Like It* (J. C. Smith). So far as we have tested the notes and glossaries, they seem admirably adapted for the use of study at home or for the instruction of a class.

From the American Book Company come several handsomely bound and printed books in French and German, of which we especially commend a reprint of Seidel's *Herr Omnia*, edited by Mr. J. Matthewman, of the Ogontz School; *La Tâche du Petit Pierre*, by Jeanne Mariet, arranged for reading classes by Edith Healy; and especially *Bilder aus der deutschen Litteratur*, by Professor Keller, of the New York City Normal College. This last is a very valuable manual for the student of German literature in the early part of his studies, giving him first of all some account of the German language, and then summarising in a way at once compact and interesting the great literary works of Germany, beginning with the *Nibelungenlied* and ending with the new school of German poetry that has been established since the founding of the present Empire (75 cents). The same house sends us Gleason and Atherton's *First Greek Book* in a very novel semi-flexible cover that is a pleasure to hold in the hand. We do not think much of the owl on the southeastern corner, however. It is not as beautiful as Henry Holt's owl, and evidently not in as good physical condition. It apparently wears goggles, and looks as though it wanted to go and climb up on a remote perch and weep. We especially commend Mr. W. C. Collar's introduction, whose very radical views on the teaching of Greek have already, we understand, made the scant hair of the old style Greek teacher bristle with horror and indignation. Greek composition, he says, must go (of course he is speaking of the schools), and so must Greek syntax, "as an object *per se*." It must! it must! and Mr. Collar has given it a very magnificent parting kick, though perhaps something less violent than a kick would have been more politic and equally effective. We should like to quote the whole of his remarks, but we shall not, because we want our readers who are interested in classical study, as that word must hereafter be understood, to go and buy the book and peruse it for themselves. The whole 281 pages are a concrete exhibition of common sense and practical experience applied to a difficult but interesting subject ($1.00). *Latin Lessons for Beginners*, by Dr. E. W. Coy, of the Hughes High School, Cincinnati, is in Latin a good companion book for the other, though we wish that in marking the quantities the author had had more regard for Bennett and less for Marx, who is already a little out of date ($1.00).

English in American Universities, edited by William Martin Payne, of the *Dial*, is a collection of eighteen papers giving a lucid and interesting statement of the methods pursued in the teaching of English at eighteen American colleges and universities—Yale, Columbia, Harvard, Stanford, Cornell, Virginia, Illinois, Lafayette, Iowa, Chicago, Indiana, California, Amherst, Michigan, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and Wellesley. Each paper is written by one of the professors in the department described. There is also an appendix with some short additional sketches, of which a very interesting one is that which treats of English at a French university. The whole volume is full of value and of practical suggestion to the teacher of English, and we cordially commend it as good reading for any one. (D. C. Heath and Co. $1.00.)

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KATE CARNEGIE.*

By Ian Maclaren.

CHAPTER V.

CONCERNING BESOMS.

IT is one of the miseries of modern life, for which telephones are less than compensation, that ninety out of a hundred city folk have never known the comfort and satisfaction of dwelling in a house. When the sashes are flying away from the windows and the skirting boards from the floor, and the planks below your feet are a finger breadth apart, and the pipes are death-traps, it does not matter that the walls are covered by art papers and plastered over with china dishes. This erection, wherein human beings have to live and work and fight their sins and prepare for eternity, is a fraud and a lie. No man compelled to exist in such an environment of unreality can respect himself or other people; and if it come to pass that he holds cheap views of life, and reads smart papers, and does sharp things in business, and that his talk be only a clever jingle, then a plea in extenuation will be lodged for him at the Great Assize. Small wonder that he comes to regard the world of men as an empty show and is full of cynicism, who has shifted at brief intervals from one shanty to another and never had a fit dwelling-place all his years. When a prophet cometh from the Eternal to speak unto modern times as Dante did unto the Middle Ages, and constructs the other world before our eyes, he will have one circle in his hell for the builders of rotten houses, and doubtless it will be a collection of their own works, so that their sin will be its punishment, as is most fitting and the way of things.

Surely there will also be some corner of heaven kept for the men who, having received a charge to build the shell wherein two people were to make a home, laid its foundations deep and raised strong walls that nothing but gunpowder could rend in pieces, and roofed it over with oaken timber and lined it with the same, so that many generations might live therein in peace and honour. Such a house was the Lodge in those days, although at last beginning to show signs of decay, and it somehow stirred up the heroic spirit of the former time within a man to sit before the big fire in the hall, with grim Carnegies looking down from the walls and daring you to do any meanness, while the light blazing out from a log was flung back from a sword that had been drawn in the '15. One was unconsciously reinforced in the secret place of his manhood, and inwardly convinced that what concerneth every man is not whether he fail or succeed, but that he do his duty according to the light which may have given him until he die. It was also a regeneration of the soul to awake in a room of the eastern tower, where the Carnegies' guests slept, and fling up the window, with its small square panes, to fill one's lungs with the snell northern air, and look down on the woods glistening in every leaf, and the silver Tochty just touched by the full risen sun. Miracles have been wrought in that tower, for it happened once that an Edinburgh advocate came to stay at the Lodge, who spake after a quite marvellous fashion, known neither in England nor Scotland; and being himself of pure bourgeois blood, the fifth son of a factor, felt it necessary to despise his land, from its kirk downwards, and had a collection of japes at Scottish ways, which in his provincial simplicity he offered to the Carnegies. It seemed to him certain that people of Jacobite blood and many travels would have relished his clever talk, for it is not given to a national decadent to understand either the people he has deserted or the ancient houses at whose door he stands. Carnegie was the dullest man living in the matter of sneering,

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and Kate took an instant dislike to the mincing little man, whom she ever afterwards called the Popinjay, and so handled him with her tongue that his superiority was mightily shaken. But there was good stuff in the advocate, besides some brains, and after a week's living in the Lodge, he forgot to wear his eyeglass, and let his r's out of captivity, and attempted to make love to Kate, which foolishness that masterful damsel brought to speedy confusion. It was also said that when he went back to the Parliament House, every one could understand what he said, and that he got two briefs in one week, which shows how good it is to live in an ancient house with honest people.

"Is there a ghost, dad?" They were sitting before the fire in the hall after dinner—Kate in her favourite posture, leaning forward and nursing her knee. The veterans and I thought that she always looked at her best so, with her fine eyes fixed on the fire, and the light bringing her face into relief against the shadow. We saw her feet then—one lifted a little from the ground—and V.C. declared they were the smallest you could find for a woman of her size.

"She knows it, too," he used to say, "for when a woman has big feet she always keeps them tucked in below her gown. A woman with an eight size glove and feet to correspond is usually a paragon of modesty, and strong on women's rights."

"Kate's glove is number six, and I think it's a size too big," broke in the Colonel—we were all lying in the sun on a bank below the beeches at the time, and the Colonel was understood to be preparing a sermon for some meeting—"but it's a strong little hand, and a steady; she used to be able to strike a shilling in the air at revolver practice."

"Ghost, lassie. Oh, in the Lodge, a Carnegie ghost—not one I've ever heard of; so you may sleep in peace, and I'm below if you feel lonely the first night."

"You are most insulting; one would think I were a milksop. I was hoping for a ghost—a white lady by choice. Did no Carnegie murder his wife, for instance, through jealousy or quarrelling?"

"The Carnegies have never quarrelled," said the General, with much simplicity; "you see the men have generally been away fighting, and the women had never time to weary of them."

KATE IN HER FAVOURITE POSITION.

"No woman ever wearies of a man unless he be a fool and gives in to her—then she grows sick of him. Life might be wholesome, but it would have no smack; it would be like meat without mustard. If a man cannot rule, he ought not to marry, for his wife will play the fool in some fashion or other like a runaway horse, and he has half the blame. Why did he take the box-seat?" and Kate nodded to the fire. "What are you laughing at?"

"Perhaps I ought to be shocked, but the thought of any one trying to rule you, Kit, tickles me immensely. I have had the reins since you were a bairn, and you have been a handful. You were a 'smatchit' at six years old, and a 'trimmie' at twelve, and you are qualifying for the highest rank in your class."

"What may that be, pray? it seems to me that the Scottish tongue is a perfect treasure-house for impertinent people. How Scots must congratulate themselves that they need never be at a loss when they are angry or even simply frank."

"If it comes to downright swearing,

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you must go to Gaelic," said the General, branching off. "Donald used to be quite contemptuous of any slight efforts at profanity in the barrack yard, although they sickened me.

"'Toots, Colonel; ye do not need to be troubling yourself with such poor little words, for they are just nothing at all, and yet the bodies will be saying them over and over again like parrots.

"'Now a Lochaber man could hef been saying what he was wanting for fifteen minutes, and nefer hef used the same word twice, unless he had been forgetting his Gaelic. It's a peautiful language, the Gaelic, when you will not be fery well pleased with a man.'"

"That is very good, dad, but I think we were speaking in Scotch, and you have not told me that nice complimentary title I am living to deserve. Is 'cutty' the disreputable word? for I think I've passed that rank already; it sounds quite familiar."

"No, it's a far more fetching word than 'cutty,' or even than 'randy' (scold), which you may have heard."

"I have," replied Kate instantly, "more than once, and especially after I had a difference in opinion with Lieutenant Strange. You called me one or two names then, dad—in fact you were quite eloquent; but you know that he was a bad fellow, and that the regiment was well rid of him; but I'm older now, and I have not heard my promotion."

"It's the most vigorous word that Scots have for a particular kind of woman."

"Describe her," demanded Kate.

"One who has a mind of her own," began the General, carefully, "and a way, too, who is not easily cowed or managed, who is not . . ."

"A fool," suggested Kate.

"Who is not conspicuously soft in manner," pursued the General, with discretion, "who might even have a temper."

"Not a tame rabbit, in fact. I understand what you are driving at, and I know what a model must feel when she is being painted. And now kindly pluck up courage and name the picture." And Kate leant back, with her hand behind her head, challenging the General—if he dared. "Well?"

"Besom." And he was not at all ashamed, for a Scot never uses this word without a ring of fondness and admiration in his voice, as of one who gives the world to understand that he quite disapproves of this audacious woman, wife or daughter of his, but is proud of her all the time. It is indeed a necessity of his nature for a Scot to have husks of reproach containing kernels of compliment, so that he may let out his heart and yet preserve his character as an austere person, destitute of vanity and sentiment.

"Accept your servant's thanks, my General. I am highly honoured." And Kate made a sweeping curtsey, whereupon they both laughed merrily; and a log blazing up suddenly, made an old Carnegie smile who had taken the field for Queen Mary, and was the very man to have delighted in a besom.

"When I was here in June"—and the General stretched himself in a deep red leather chair—"I stood a while one evening watching a fair-haired, blue-eyed little maid who was making a daisy-chain and singing to herself in a garden. Her mother came out from the cottage, and, since she did not see me, devoured the child with eyes of love. Then something came into her mind—perhaps that the good man would soon be home for supper; she rushed forward and seized the child, as if it had been caught in some act of mischief.

"'Come into the hoose, this meenut, ye little beesom, an' say yir carritches. What's the chief end o' man?'"

"Could she have been so accomplished at that age?" Kate inquired, with interest. "Are you sure about the term of endearment? Was the child visibly flattered?"

"She caught my eye as they passed in, and flung me a smile like one excusing her mother's fondness. But Davidson hears better things, for as soon as he appears the younger members of a family are taken from their porridge and set to their devotions.

"'What are ye glowerin' at there, ye little cutty? Toom (empty) yir mooth this meenut and say the twenty-third Psalm to the minister.'

"Life seems full of incident, and the women make the play. What about the men? Are they merely a chorus?

"A stranger spending a week in one of our farmhouses would be ready to give evidence in a court of justice that he had never seen women so domineer-

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ing or men so submissive as in Drumtochty.

"And why? Because the housewife who sits in church as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth speaks with much fluency and vigour at home, and the man says nothing.

"His normal state is doing wrong and being scolded from morning till night—for going out without his breakfast, for not cleaning his boots when he comes in, for spoiling chairs by sitting on them with wet clothes, for spilling his tea on the tablecloth, for going away to market with a dusty coat, for visiting the stable with his Sunday coat, for not speaking at all to visitors, for saying things he oughtn't when he does speak—till the long-suffering man, raked fore and aft, rushes from the house in desperation, and outside remarks to himself, by way of consolation, 'Losh keep's! there's nae livin' wi' her the day; her tongue's little better than a threshing-mill.'

"His confusion, however, is neither deep nor lasting, and in a few minutes he has started for a round of the farm in good heart, once or twice saying 'Sall' in a way that shows a lively recollection of his wife's gifts."

"Then the men love to be ruled," began Kate, with some contempt; "it does not give me a higher idea of the district."

"Wait a moment, young woman, for all that goes for nothing except to show that the men allow the women to be supreme in one sphere."

"In the dairy, I suppose?"

"Perhaps; and a very pleasant kingdom, too, as I remember it, when a hot, thirsty, tired laddie, who had been fishing or ferreting, was taken into the cool, moist, darkened place, and saw a dish of milk creamed for his benefit by some sonsy housewife.

"Sandie and I used to think her omnipotent, and heard her put the gude man through his facings with awe, but by-and-by we noticed that her power had limits. When the matter had to do with anything serious, sowing or reaping or kirk or market, his word was law.

"He said little, but it was final, and she never contradicted; it was rare to hear a man call his wife by name; it was usually 'gude wife,' and she always referred to him as the 'maister.' And without any exception, these silent, reserved men were 'maister'; they had a look of authority."

"They gave way in trifles, to rule in a crisis, which is just my idea of masculine government," expatiated Kate. "A woman likes to say what she pleases and have her will in little things; she has her way, and if a man corrects her because she is inaccurate, and nags at her when she does anything he does not approve, then he is very foolish and very trying, and if she is not quite a saint, she will make him suffer.

"Do you remember Dr. Pettigrew, that prim little effigy of a man, and his delightful Irish wife, and how conversation used to run when he was within hearing?"

"Glad to have a tasting, Kit," and the General lay back in expectation.

"'Oi remember him, as foine a young officer as ye would wish to see, six feet in his boots.'

"'About five feet ten, I believe, was his exact height, my dear.'

"'Maybe he wasn't full grown then, but he was a good upstanding man, and as pretty a rider as ever sat on a horse. Well, he was a Warwickshire man. . .'

"'Bucks, he said himself.'

"'He was maybe born in both counties for all you know.'

"'Alethea,' with a cough and reproving look.

"'At any rate Oi saw him riding in a steeplechase in the spring of '67, at Aldershot.'

"'It must, I think, have been '66. We were at Gibraltar in '67. Please be accurate.'

"'Bother your accuracy, for ye are driving the pigs through my story. Well, Oi was telling ye about the steeplechase Jimmy Brook rode. It was a mile, and he had led for half, and so he was just four hundred yards from the post.'

"'A half would be 880 yards.'

"'Oi wish from my heart that geography, arithmetic, memory, and accuracy, and every other work of Satan were drowned with Moses in the Red Sea. Go, for any sake, and bring me a glass of irritated water.'"

"Capital," cried the General. "I heard that myself, or something like it. Pettigrew was a tiresome wretch, but he was devoted to his wife in his own way."

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"Which was enough to make a woman throw things at him, as very likely Alethea did when they were alone. What a fool he was to bother about facts; the charm of Lithy was that she had none—dates and such like would have made her quite uninteresting. The only dates I can quote myself are the Rebellion and the Mutiny, and I'll add '75 when we came home. I don't like datey women; but then it's rather cheap for one to say that who doesn't know anything," and Kate sighed very becomingly at the contemplation of her ignorance.

"Except French, which she speaks like a Parisian," murmured the General.

"That's a fluke, because I was educated at the Scotch convent with those dear old absurd nuns who were Gordons, and Camerons, and Macdonalds, and didn't know a word of English."

"Who can manage her horse like a rough-rider," continued the General, counting on his finger, "and dance like a Frenchwoman, and play whist like a half-pay officer, and——"

"That's not education; those are simply the accomplishments of a besom. You know, dad, I've never read a word of Darwin, and I got tired of George Eliot and went back to Scott."

"I've no education myself," said the General, ruefully, "except the Latin the old dominie thrashed into me, and some French which all our set in Scotland used to have, and . . . I can hold my own with the broadsword. When I think of all those young officers know, I wonder we old chaps were fit for anything."

"Well, you see, dad," and Kate began to count also, "you were made of steel wire, and were never ill; you could march for a day and rather enjoy a fight in the evening; you would go anywhere, and the men kept just eighteen inches behind; you always knew what the enemy was going to do before he did it, and you always did what he didn't expect you to do. That's not half the list of your accomplishments, but they make a good beginning for a fighting man."

"It will be all mathematics in the future, Kit, and there will be no fighting at close quarters. The officers will wear gloves and spectacles—but where are we now, grumbling as if we were sitting in a club window? Besides, these young fellows can fight as well as pass exams. You were saying that it was a shame of a man to complain of his wife flirting," and the General studied the ceiling.

"You know that I never said anything of the kind; but some women are flirty in a nice way, just as some are booky, and some are dressy, and some are witty, and some are horsey; and I think a woman should be herself. I should say the right kind of man would be proud of his wife's strong point, and give her liberty."

"He is to have none, I suppose, but just be a foil to throw her into relief. Is he to be allowed any opinions of his own? . . . It looks hard, that cushion, Kit, and I'm an old broken-down man."

"You deserve leather, for you know what I think about a man's position quite well. If he allow himself to be governed by his wife in serious matters, he is not worth calling a man."

"Like poor Major MacIntosh."

"Exactly. What an abject he was before that woman, who was simply——"

"Not a besom, Kate," interrupted the General, anxiously—afraid that a classical word was to be misused.

"Certainly not, for a besom must be nice, and at bottom a lady—in fact, a woman of decided character."

"Quite so. You've hit the bull's-eye, Kit, and paid a neat compliment to yourself. Have you a word for Mrs. MacIntosh?"

"A vulgar termagant"—the General indicated that would do—"who would call her husband an idiot aloud before a dinner-table, and quarrel like a fishwife with people in his presence.

"Why, he daren't call his soul his own; he belonged to the kirk, you know, and there was a Scotch padre, but she marched him off to our service, and if you had seen him trying to find the places in the Prayer-book. If a man hasn't courage enough to stand by his faith, he might as well go and hang himself. Don't you think the first thing is to stick by your religion, and the next by your country, though it cost one his life?"

"That's it, lassie; every gentleman does."

"She was a disgusting woman," continued Kate, "and jingling with money; I never saw so many precious stones wasted on one woman; they always reminded me of a jewel in a swine's snout."

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"Kate!" remonstrated her father, "that's . . ."

"Rather coarse, but it's her blame; and to hear Mrs. MacIntosh calculating what each officer had—I told her we would live in a Lodge at home and raise our own food. My opinion is that her father was a publican, and I'm sure she had once been a Methodist."

"Why?"

"Because she was so Churchy, always talking about celebrations and vigils, and explaining that it was a sin to listen to a Dissenting chaplain."

"Then, Kate, if your man—as they say here—tried to make you hold his views?"

"I wouldn't, and I'd hate him."

"And if he accepted yours?"

"I'd despise him," replied Kate, promptly.

"You are a perfect contradiction."

"You mean I'm a woman, and a besom, and therefore I don't pretend to be consistent or logical, or even fair, but I am right."

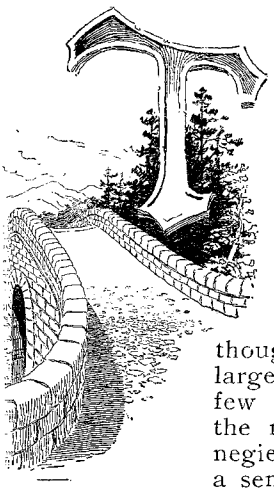
Then they went up the west tower to the General's room, and looked out on the woods and the river, and on a field of ripe corn upon the height across the river, flooded with the moonlight.

"Home at last, lassie, you and I, and another not far off, maybe."

Kate kissed her father, and said, "One in love, dad . . . and faith."

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE IS ETERNAL.



THE General read Morning Prayers in brief, omitting the Psalms and lessons, and then after breakfast, with much gossip and ancient stories from Donald, the father and daughter went out to survey their domain, and though there be many larger, yet there can be few more romantic in the north. That Carnegie had a fine eye and a sense of things who, out of all the Glen—for the Hays had little in Drumtochty in those days—fastened on the site of the Lodge and planted three miles of wood, birch and oak, and beech and ash, with the rowan tree, along the river that goes out and in seven times in that distance, so that his descendants might have a fastness for their habitation and their children might grow up in kindly woods on which the south sun beats from early spring till late autumn, and within the sight and sound of clean, running water. No wonder they loved their lonely home with tenacious hearts, and left it only because it was in their blood to be fighting. They had been out at Langside and Philiphaugh, in the '15 and the '45, and always on the losing side. The Lodge had never been long without a young widow and a fatherless lad, but family history had no warning for him—in fact, seemed rather to be an inspiration in the old way—for no sooner had he loved and married than he would hear of another rebellion, and ride off some morning to fight for that ill-fated dynasty whose love was ever another name for death. There was always a Carnegie ready as soon as the white cockade appeared anywhere in Scotland, and each of the house fought like the men before him, save that he brought fewer at his back and had less in his pocket. Little was left to the General and our Kate, and then came the great catastrophe that lost them the Lodge, and so the race has now neither name nor house in Scotland, save in the vault in Drumtochty Kirk. It is a question whether one is wise to revisit any place where he has often been in happier times and see it desolate. For me, at least, it was a mistake, and the melancholy is still upon me. The deserted house falling at last to pieces, the over-grown garden, the crumbling paths, the gaping bridges over the little burns, and the loneliness, chilled one's soul. There was no money to spare in the General's time, but it is wonderful what one gardener, who has no hours, and works for love's sake, can do, even in a place that needed half-a-dozen. Then he was assisted unofficially by Donald, who declared that working in the woods was "fery healthy and good for one or two small cuts I happened to get in India," and Kate gave herself to the garden. The path by the river was kept in repair, and one never knew when Kate might appear round the corner. Once I had come down from the cottage on a fine February day to see the snow-

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"ONE GARDENER WHO . . . WORKS FOR LOVE'S SAKE."

drops in the sheltered nooks, for there were little dells white as snow at that season in Tochty woods, and Kate, hearing that I had passed, came of her kindness to take me back to luncheon. She had on a jacket of sealskin that we greatly admired, and a felt hat with three grouse feathers on the side, and round her throat a red satin scarf. The sun was shining on the bend of the path, and she came into the light singing "Jock o' Hazeldean," walking, as Kate ever did in song, with a swinging step like soldiers on a march. It seemed to me that day that she was born to be the wife either of a noble or a soldier, and I still wish at times within my heart that she were Countess of Kilspindie, for then the Lodge had been a fair sight to-day, and her father had died in his own room. And other times I have imagined myself Kilspindie, who was then Lord Hay, and questioned whether I should have ordered Tochty to be dismantled and left a waste as it is this day, and would have gone away to the wars, or would not have loved to keep it in order for her sake, and visited it in the spring-time when the primroses are out, and the autumn when the leaves are blood-red. Then I declare that Hay, being of a brave stock, and having acted as a man of honour—for that is known to all now—ought to have put a good face on his disappointment; but all the time I know one man who would have followed Lord Hay's suit, and who regrets that he ever again saw Tochty Lodge.

"First of all," said the General as they sallied forth, "we shall go to the Beeches, and see a view for which one might travel many days, and pay a ransom."

So they went out into the court with its draw-well, from which they must needs have a draught. Suddenly the General laid down the cup like a man in sudden pain, for he was thinking of Cawnpore, and they passed quickly through the gateway and turned into a path that wound among great trees that had been planted, it was said, by the Carnegie who rode with Montrose. They were walking on a plateau stretching out beyond the line of the Lodge, and therefore commanding the Glen, if one had eyes to see and the trees were not in the way. Kate laid her hand on the General's arm beneath an ancient beech, and they stood in silence to receive the blessing of the place, for surely never is the soul so open to the voice of nature as by the side of running water and in the heart of a wood. The fretted sunlight made shifting figures of brightness on the ground; above the innumerable leaves rustled and whispered; a squirrel darted along a branch and watched the intruders with bright, curious eyes; the rooks cawed from the distance; the pigeons cooed in sweet, sad cadence close at hand. They sat down on the bare roots at their feet and yielded themselves to the genius of the forest—the god who will receive the heart torn and distracted by the fierce haste and unfinished labours and vain ambitions of life, and will lay its fever to rest and encompass it with the quietness of eternity.

"Father," whispered Kate, after a while, as one wishing to share confi-

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dences, for there must be something to tell, "where are you?"

"You wish to know? Well, all day I've been fishing down the stream, and am coming home, very tired, very dirty, very happy, and I meet my mother just outside those trees. I am boasting of the fish that I have caught, none of which, I'm sure, can be less than half a pound. She is rating me for my appearance and beseeching me to keep at a distance. Then I go home and down into the vaulted kitchen, where Janet's mother gives me joyous welcome, and produces dainties saved from dinner for my eating. The trouts are now at biggest only a quarter of a pound, for they have to be cooked as a final course, but those that were hooked and escaped are each a pound, except one in the hole below Lynedoch Bridge, which was two pounds to an ounce. Afterwards I make a brave attempt to rehearse the day in the gun-room to Sandie, who first taught me to cast a line, and fall fast asleep, and, being shaken up, sneak off to bed, creeping slowly up the stair, where the light is failing, to the little room above yours, where, as I am falling over, I seem to hear my mother's voice as in this sighing of the wind. Ah me, what a day it was!

"And you, Kit?"

"Oh, I was back in the convent with my nuns, and Sister Flora was trying to teach me English grammar in good French, and I was correcting her in bad French, and she begins to laugh because it is all so droll. 'I am Scotch, and I teach you English all wrong, and you tell me what I ought to say in French which is all wrong; let us go into the garden,' for she was a perfect love, and always covered my faults. I am sitting in the arbour, and the Sister brings a pear that has fallen. 'I do not think it is wicked,' she says, and I say it is simply a duty to eat up fallen pears, and we laugh again. As we sit, they are singing in the chapel, and I hear 'Sancta Maria ora pro nobis.' Then I think of you, and the tears will come to my eyes, and I try to hide my face, but the Sister understands and comforts me. 'Your father is a gallant gentleman, and the good God pities you, and will keep him in danger,' and I fondle the Sister, and wonder whether any more pears have fallen. How peaceful it is within that high wall, which is rough and forbidding outside, but inside it is hung with greenery, and among the leaves I see pears and peaches. But I missed you, dad,' and Kate touched her father, for they had a habit of just touching each other gently when together.

"Do you really think we have been in India, and that you have a dozen medals, and I am . . . an old maid?"

"Certainly not, Kit, a mere invention—we are boy and girl, and . . . we 'ill go on to the view."

Suddenly they came out from the shade into a narrow lane of light, where someone of the former time, with an eye and a soul, had cleared a passage among the trees, so that one standing at the inner end and looking outwards could see the whole Glen, while the outstretched branches of the beeches shaded his eyes. Morning in the summertime about five o'clock was a favourable hour, because one might see the last mists lift, and the sun light up the face of Ben Urtach, and eveningtide was better, because the Glen showed wonderfully tender in the soft light, and the Grampians were covered with glory. But it was best to take your first view towards noon, for then you could trace the Tochty as it appeared and reappeared, till it was lost in woods at the foot of Glen Urtach, with every spot of interest on either side. Below the kirk it ran broad and shallow, with a bank of brushwood on one side and a meadow on the other, fringed with low bushes from behind which it was possible to drop a fly with some prospects of success, while in quite unprotected situations the Drumtochty fish laughed at the tempter, and departed with contemptuous whisks of the tail. Above the haughs was a little mill, where flax was once spun and its lade still remained, running between the Tochty and the steep banks down which the glen descended to the river. Opposite this mill the Tochty ran with strength, escaping from the narrows of the bridge, and there it was that Weelum MacLure drove across Sir George in safety, because the bridge was not for use that day. Whether that bridge was really built by Marshal Wade in his great work of pacifying the Highlands is very far from certain, but Drumtochty did not relish any trifling with its traditions, and had a wonderful pride in its solitary bridge, as well it might, since

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AMONG THE GREAT TREES.

from the Beeches nothing could well be more picturesque. Its plan came nearly to an inverted V, and the apex was just long enough to allow the horses to rest after the ascent, before they precipitated themselves down the other side. During that time the driver leant on the ledge, and let his eye run down the river, taking in the Parish Kirk above and settling on the Lodge, just able to be seen among the trees where the Tochty below turned round the bend. What a Drumtochty man thought on such occasions he never told, but you might have seen even Whinnie nod his head with emphasis. The bridge stood up clear of banks and woods, grey, uncompromising, unconventional, yet not without some grace of its own in its high arch and abrupt descents. One with good eyes and a favouring sun could see the water running underneath, and any one caught its sheen higher up, before a wood came down to the water's edge and seemed to swallow up the stream. Above the wood it is seen again, with a meal mill on the left nestling in among the trees, and one would call it the veriest burn, but it was there that Posty lost his life to save a little child. And then it dwindles into the thinnest thread of silver, and at last is seen no more from the Beeches. From the Tochty the eye makes its raids on north and south. The dark, massy pine-woods on the left side of the glen are broken at intervals by fields as they threaten to come down upon the river, and their shelter lends an air of comfort and warmth to the glen. On the right the sloping land is tilled from the bank above the river up to the edge of the moor that swells in green and purple to the foot of the northern rampart of mountains, but on this side also the glen breaks into belts of fir, which fling their kindly arms round the scattered farm-houses, and break up the monotony of green and gold with squares of dark green foliage and the brown of the tall, bare trunks. Between the meandering stream and the cultivated land and the woods and the heather and the distant hills, it was such a variety as cannot be often gathered into the compass of one landscape.

"And all our own," cried Kate in exultation; "let us congratulate ourselves."

"I only wish it were, lassie. Why, didn't you understand we have only these woods and a few acres of plowed land now?"

"You stupid old dad; I begin to believe that you have had no education. Of course the Hays have got the land, but we have the view and the joy of it. This is the only place where one can say to a stranger, 'Behold Drumtochty,' and he will see it at a flash and at its best."

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"You're brighter than your father, Kit, and a contented lassie to boot, and for that word I'll take you straight to the Pleasaunce."

"What a charming name; it suggests a fairy world, with all sorts of beautiful things and people."

"Quite right, Kit"—leading the way down to a hollow, surrounded by wood and facing the sun, the General opened a door in an ivy-covered wall—"for there is just one Pleasaunce on the earth, and that is a garden."

It had been a risk to raise certain people's expectations and then bring them into Tochty garden, for they can be satisfied with no place that has not a clean-shaven lawn and beds of unvarying circles, pyrethrum, calceolaria, geranium, and brakes of rare roses, and glass-houses with orchids worth fifty pound each, which is a garden in high life, full of luxury, extravagance, weariness. As Kate entered, a moss rose which wandered at its will caught her skirt, and the General cut a blossom which she fastened in her breast, and surely there is no flower so winsome and fragrant as this homely rose.

"Like yourself, Miss Carnegie," and the General rallied his simple wit for the occasion, "very sweet and true, with a thorn, too, if one gripped it the wrong way."

Whereat he made believe to run, and had the better speed because there were no gravel walks with boxwood borders here, but alleys of old turf that were pleasant both to the touch and the eye. In the centre where all the ways met he capitulated with honours of war, and explained that he had intended to compare Kate to a violet, which was her natural emblem, but had succumbed to the temptation of her eyes, "which make men wicked, Kit, with the gleam that is in them."

"Isn't it a tangle?" Which it was, and no one could look upon it without keen delight, unless he were a horticultural pedant in whom the appreciation of nature had been killed by parterres. There was some principle of order, and even now, when the Pleasaunce is a wilderness, the traces can be found. A dwarf fruit tree stood at every corner, and between the trees a three-foot border of flowers kept the peas and potatoes in their places. But the borders were one sustained, elaborate, glorified disorder. There were roses of all kinds that have ever gladdened poor gardens and simple hearts—yellow tea roses, moss roses with their firm, shapely buds, monthly roses that bore nearly all the year in a warm spot, the white briar that is dear to north country people, besides standards in their glory, with full round purple blossom. Among the roses, compassing them about and jostling one another, some later, some earlier in bloom, most of them together in the glad summer days, one could find to his hand wall-flowers and primroses, sweet-william and dusty-miller, daisies red and white, forget-me-nots and pansies, pinks and carnations, marigolds and phloxes of many varieties. The confusion of colours was preposterous, and showed an utter want of æsthetic sense. In fact, one may confess that the Lodge garden was only one degree removed from the vulgarity and prodigality of nature. There was no taste, no reserve, no harmony about that garden. Nature simply ran riot and played according to her will like a child of the former days, bursting into apple blossom and laburnum gold and the bloom of peas and the white strawberry flower in early summer, and then, later in the year, weaving garlands of blazing red, yellow, white, purple, round beds of stolid roots and brakes of currant bushes. There was a copper beech, where the birds sang, and from which they raided the fruit with the skill of Highland caterans. The Lodge bees lived all day in this garden, save when they went to reinforce their sweetness from the heather bloom. The big trees stood round the place and covered it from every wind except the south, and the sun was ever blessing it. There was one summer-house, a mass of honeysuckle, and there they sat down as those that had come back to Eden from a wander year.

"Well, Kit?"

"Thank God for our Pleasaunce." And they would have stayed for hours, but there was one other spot that had a fascination for the General neither years nor wars had dulled, and he, who was the most matter-of-fact and romantic of men, must see and show it to his daughter before they ceased.

"Two miles and more, Kit, but through the woods and by the water all the way."

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Sometimes they went down a little ravine made by a small burn fighting and wearing its way for ages to the Tochty, and stood on a bridge of two planks and a handrail thrown over a tiny pool, where the water was resting on a bed of small pebbles. The oak copse covered the sides of the tiny glen and met across the streamlet, and one below could see nothing but greenery and the glint of the waterfall where the burn broke into the bosky den from the bare heights above. Other times the path, that allowed two to walk abreast if they wished very much and kept close together, would skirt the face of the high river bank, and if you peeped down through the foliage of the clinging trees you could see the Tochty running swiftly, and the overhanging branches dipping in their leaves. Then the river would make a sweep and forsake its bank, leaving a peninsula of alluvial land between, where the geranium and the hyacinth and the iris grew in deep, moist soil. One of these was almost clear of wood and carpeted with thick, soft turf, and the river beside it was broad and shining.

"We shall go down here," said the General, "and I will show you something that I count the finest monument in Perthshire, or maybe in broad Scotland."

In the centre of the sward, with trees just touching it with the tips of their branches, was a little square, with a simple weather-beaten railing. And the General led Kate to the spot, and stood for a while in silence.

"Two young Scottish lassies, Kate, who died two hundred years ago, and were buried here."

Then the General and Kate sat down by the river edge, and he told her the deathless story of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray—how in the plague of 1666 they fled to this district to escape infection; how a lover came to visit one of them and brought death in his kiss; how they sickened and died; how they were laid to rest beside the Tochty water; and generations have made their pilgrimage to the place, so wonderful and beautiful is love. They loved, and their memory is immortal.

Kate rested her chin on her hand and gazed at the running water, which continued while men and women live and love and die.

"He ought not to have come; it was a cowardly, selfish act, but I suppose," added the General, "he could not keep away."

"Be sure she thought none the less of him for his coming, and I think a woman will count life itself a small sacrifice for love," and Kate went over to the grave.

A thrush was singing as they turned to go, and nothing was said on the way home till they came near the Lodge.

"Who can that be going in, Kate? He seems a padre."

"I do not know, unless it be our fellow traveller from Muirtown; but he has been redressing himself, and is not improved."

"Father," and Kate stayed the General as they crossed the threshold of their home, "we have seen many beautiful things to-day, for which I thank you; but the greatest was love."

(*To be continued.*)

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WITCHCRAFT.

Passing strange she should have been there,
Not a dwelling to be seen there ;
It was Christmas in the Northland,
And I journeyed through a wood

While the frosty light was waning,
And the sinking sun was staining
All the snowy pines with crimson,
All the cedars as with blood.

(Tell thy beads, now, that thou stray not ;
Leave the doubtful, drifted way not ;
Name a holy name ; commend thee ;
Here be trolls at eventide !)

Leagues of silence, leagues of sorrow
Lay betwixt me and the morrow.
In my heart the frost was thickest,
Always winter there to bide.

Suddenly I saw—and started !
And advanced not, coward-hearted,
Till I marked her breath arising
Like a mist upon the air—

Not a sprite, then ; only human !
Faith ! I fear not any woman
That shall look upon me kindly,
Being young, withal, and fair.

Ruddy red her quilted kirtle,
Round her brow a wreath of myrtle,
In her eye a wicked twinkle,
Nestling in her hair, a snood ;

In her arms a faggot bore she,
Ne'er a saintly symbol wore she ;
Shone the icicles about her
From the darkness of the wood.

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Quoth I then, "O forest-maiden,
Art thou not too heavy-laden?
Findest not these bristling pine-leaves—
Icy pine-leaves—sting thy cheek?

"To divide, then, were but duty
(Ah, what blushes!) to thy beauty.
Think me not too bold, I prithee,
Look upon me—I am meek!"

Then she laughed, and spoke Norwegian,
Or some tongue of Northern region,
That was music, still, and liquid,
As it rippled from her lips,

And a charm it fell a-wiling
All about me, so beguiling
That before I fairly knew it,
I had kissed—my finger-tips,

Lo! a laughing, flitting vision
Looking backward in derision,
Flitting, flying through the branches
Of the hemlocks and the firs;

And, bewildered, stood I lonely
In the forest, and the only
Signs remaining of the maiden
Were those gathered boughs of hers.

Very luring was her laughter,
And my heart cried, "*Follow after!*"
—Then I knew that it was witchcraft,
So I crossed myself and prayed;

For the Mystic Age still lingers,
Weaving charms with lips and fingers,
And the direst of enchantments,
The enchantment of a maid!

Robert H. M. Dawbarn.

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AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The New Jersey State Library Association held a meeting and function at Newark on January 30th. This Association is one of the recently formed State Associations which have now spread over many of the States. The most interesting piece of business transacted was a resolution of the Association calling for a State Library Commission in New Jersey. The success of the Massachusetts Library Commission, which during its short existence has placed libraries in nearly every town in that State which did not already possess a public library, is stimulating the formation of similar commissions in other States. The trustees of the Newark Public Library entertained the Association with a dinner, and a reception was given in the evening to members and invited guests at the residence of Mr. W. R. Weeks.

Dr. John F. Billings, the newly appointed Librarian of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations, has commenced his work. Dr. Billings's engagement at the University of Pennsylvania will for some weeks prevent his giving more than a part of his time to the library. The library profession in New York City and vicinity will most heartily welcome Dr. Billings to his new position, and will watch with deep interest the development of this important undertaking under his hands. Many serious and difficult problems await the Librarian and trustees. Dr. Billings's indexed catalogue of the library of the Surgeon-General's office at Washington is an earnest that these problems will be approached in a broad and generous spirit and with an energy which will justify sanguine hopes for their successful solution. Dr. Billings brings to the work practical sound sense and an executive ability which should make his work successful.

The Yale College Library has just bought the private library of the late Rudolf von Gneist, the eminent German jurist and publicist. This collection is said to contain about 10,000 volumes, including books and pamphlets. It was the working library of Professor Gneist, and is said to be rich in English law and in series of legal periodicals. America seems to be a favourite field for the sale of libraries of German professors, some of which are valuable largely for the name with which they are associated. The library of Professor Gneist ought to be one of the best recently sold to this country.

The Association of Libraries for the Empire of Austria has just been founded in Vienna. Germany has never been able to maintain such an organisation, although several attempts have been made to form one. The German librarians have held gatherings and read papers, but could not convince themselves that a permanent association would be worth while.

The *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*, now in its thirteenth year, and perhaps the best and most useful of the journals devoted to libraries, pays the contributors who furnish its learned articles two marks, or fifty cents a page. This seems low, but, after all, exceeds the amount paid by most similar journals by at least fifty cents a page.

The *Library Journal* has just completed its twentieth volume and year, and its editor, Mr. Bowker, in the first page of the twenty-first volume, gives a little history of its origin and work. It is a record of leadership in library periodicals and of continued excellence and usefulness which need not be jealous at any words of praise paid to other similar publications.

A recent writer estimates the total number of books drawn from the popular libraries of the German Empire yearly at 4,000,000 volumes. As this would give to each person in Germany only about one tenth of a volume annually, it can be seen how slight is the activity and importance of these popular libraries in Germany.

The circulation from the free public libraries in New York State for the year 1894, as given in the bulletin issued by the University of the State of New York, is 2,665,269.

George H. Baker.

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THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, February 1, 1896.

January is considered a poor month for the production of new books, so that the books of 1896 are few as yet. This, together with the fact that many dealers take this time of the year for the rearranging and annual accounting of stock, has made the orders for miscellaneous books rather light.

Sales in text-books in all departments, however, have had their customary revival, there being an especial demand in New York for physiologies to supply the public schools, in compliance with the law recently passed making this subject a compulsory study. Supplementary reading continues to be popular, and the various seditions of standard titles prepared for this purpose are extensively called for.

Library trade has been especially active. Many libraries receive their appropriations now, and make their arrangements for purchases during the coming year. As we have before mentioned in these letters, it is pleasing to note that these orders are generally for a higher class of literature on all subjects than was customary a number of years ago.

Paper-bound novels are again beginning to attract attention, preparatory to the regular spring trade in them. A number of new issues have been made in the different series, the most popular being *Philip and His Wife*, by Margaret Deland, in the Riverside Paper Series, which, with this number, appears in a new and very tasteful binding.

The early months of the year are favourable to the publication and sale of works on religious subjects, and among those now in demand and recently published are a new edition of Renan's *Life of Jesus; The Ministry of the Spirit*, by A. J. Gordon; *The Victorious Life*, by H. Webb Peploe, and *Gathering Clouds*, by F. W. Farrar, the last as yet hardly selling as well as expected.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush and *The Prisoner of Zenda* continue to lead everything else in point of sale. Some of the other volumes of fiction in especial demand are *The Sorrows of Satan*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *Jude the Obscure*, *A Cuban Sweetheart* and *A Little Wizard*.

The House Boat on the Styx and the two *Jungle Books* still sell largely. More serious works called for are *Menticulture*, by Horace Fletcher, *Letters by Matthew Arnold*, and *The Makers of Modern Rome*, by Mrs. Oliphant.

Books on whist are at present selling readily, and among those accepted as authorities are *Foster's Whist Manual*, *The Gist of Whist*, by C. E. Coffin, and Cavendish on *Whist*. The subject of cooking is also popular, the new *Century Cook-Book* being very well received, while *The Chafing Dish Supper*, by C. T. Herrick, and *The Bachelor and the Chafing Dish*, by Deshler Welsh, are very popular.

The most prominent titles of the month's publications are in fiction, and include new novels by R. L. Stevenson, Stanley J. Weyman, Mrs. Hungerford and Mrs. L. B. Walford. Other recent books are *The Life of Cardinal Manning*, by E. D. Purcell, and *Iron-Clads in Action*, by H. W. Wilson.

Reports from the retail dealers as to the month's sales are rather unfavourable, and the impression received seems to be that sales during the opening of the year will be light. On the other hand, many of the publishers announce new and attractive lists of early publications, and seem disposed to push vigorously their various lines for the coming year. The popular books for the past month, as indicated by their sale, are as follows:

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.
The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Eugene Field. $1.25.
A Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00.
Aftermath. By James Lane Allen. $1.00.
The Century Cook-Book. By Mary Ronald. $2.00.
Amos Judd. By J. A. Mitchell. 75 cts.
The Makers of Modern Rome. By Mrs. Oliphant. $3.00.
A Little Wizard. By Stanley J. Weyman. 50 cts.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.
The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.
Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy. $1.75.
Coffee and Repartee. By John Kendrick Bangs. 50 cts.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, February 1, 1896.

While the various war scares and the panicky condition of financial affairs in general tended largely to unsettle trade during January, yet the record of business done is very encouraging and surpasses expectations formed early in the month. Quite as many books were sold as during the corresponding period last year, and the demand, it is satisfactory to notice, instead of being confined principally to a few books, as was the case last year, was good all round, all classes of books being in steady request. Library orders were one of the strong features of the month, and they are still coming in, in good style. They cover a wide range in literature, embracing pretty nearly all subjects, and bear witness to the omnivorous character of the reading of the people, in even the smaller cities. Country orders were, as a whole, fairly good, considering the times, but it is evident that the trade is "going slow," as it is technically termed, in regard to stock.

In analyzing the demand, the first and most noticeable feature of January was the strong de-

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mand for the sixteenmo style of Dodd, Mead & Co.'s authorized edition of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.* The orders received for it have simply passed all expectation, and the way they are still pouring in from every corner of the West testifies to the wide popularity of the book. The remarkable call for Eugene Field's books, which was such a pronounced feature of December trade, still continues, but is now down to more moderate and manageable limits. The popular favourites, in the way of recent new books, all sold well, but otherwise there is not much that calls for special remark in last month's sales.

While the New Year's outlook does not, in the opinion of most of the experienced old bookmen, seem to be particularly bright, yet there does not appear to be much ground for apprehension at present, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that we may have a fair spring trade, after all. The publishers' announcements received so far include, we are glad to notice, many new books by popular authors, which should sell largely, and it seems to us that the success of the spring business will depend mainly upon the success of these books.

Not much emanated from publishing circles during January, Eugene Field's *Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac* being about the only book that appeared that is likely to meet with more than an average sale.

The present time is remarkable in being entirely free from a particular "fad" in the way of book reading, and the past year having been so fertile in this respect, one cannot help wondering what the next "craze" will be like. As a kind of minor fancy the *Red Badge of Courage*, owing no doubt to the generous appreciation of the book in England, is attracting considerable attention now, although when this work first appeared very little call indeed was experienced for it.

The new *Century Cook-Book* took first place among cook-books, when it was published in November, has led the demand in books of this class ever since, and judging from the way it is being asked for to-day, it will, in all likelihood, maintain it.

While this part of the West has not produced a poet of the first rank as yet, it is certainly keeping up its end in the production of what may be termed minor poets. To mention recent examples, December gave us a collection of the poems of Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley, which had an excellent sale during the holidays, and since, and now we have just received Ernest McGaffrey's new volume, which is meeting with much appreciation and very frequent calls.

In the way of minor demand there are many inquiries for books on Africa, chiefly for those of an historical or descriptive nature, while the Monroe Doctrine is still attracting much attention, books dealing in any way with that subject being constantly asked for. There is also many inquiries for the work entitled *Drawings*, by C. D. Gibson, which is now out of print.

The books appended below were most in request last month, and it must be added, that while fiction shows up, as usual, most prominently in the month's sales, many books in other classes have made more than an average showing. *Degeneration* is still selling steadily, and the large demand for Horace White's new book on *Money and Banking* makes it manifest that the widespread interest in financial affairs which was such a feature of '95 has not yet entirely subsided. Historical works are also selling well, particularly the various books by Professor Fiske and those by Francis Parkman.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 12mo, $1.25, and 16mo, 25 cts.

The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Eugene Field. $1.25.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1 25.

The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Aftermath. By James Lane Allen. $1.00.

The Bachelor's Christmas. By Robert Grant. $1.50.

The Master. By I. Zangwill. $1.75.

Menticulture; or, the A. B. C. of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.

Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.

Money and Banking. By Horace White. $1.50.

When Valmond came to Pontiac. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, December 23, 1895, to January 18, 1896.

Compared with the corresponding period of former years, there is a decided improvement in business. The quiet season immediately following Christmas has not been so marked in its contrast with the busy time. Even during the Christmas week there was plenty of work to be done. All this is equally true of the foreign and colonial business.

School books now begin to form an important feature in orders. The text-books and manuals used for the University local and other examinations are being disposed of in large quantities.

With New Year's Day came the rush (that is the only suitable word) for diaries, calendars, and almanacs, telegrams and urgent letters arriving at all times.

The Venezuelan dispute has caused enquiry to be made for pretty well everything that has been issued bearing on the subject, not excepting a work by Schomburgk himself, published by Simpkin and Marshall some sixty years since.

The appointment of the Poet Laureate has naturally directed attention to his writings, and his *English Lyrics* and *In Veronica's Garden* appear to be the favourites.

The biographies of some of the missionaries who were massacred in China last summer have been much appreciated, and edition after edition has been called for in a very short space of time.

Year-books of the various dioceses are now being published, and their sale points to considerable interest in Church matters. No doubt the local sales are even far greater than the demand in London.

A 3s. 6d. edition of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, has been well taken up. Publishers are wise in bringing out the cheaper issue of a popular work without waiting for the copyright to expire.

The sale of *Trilby* is still good, although of

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necessity on more moderate lines. It would be interesting to learn the weight in tons of the total issue of this book. It would probably be expressed in three figures.

Young authors may still be reminded that there is in their profession, as in all others, plenty of room at the top. The success of *Mistress Dorothy Marvin* and *The Red Badge of Courage* may be quoted as examples.

The following list of the principal books shows a considerable variety in the public taste, but beyond that remark does not call for any comment:

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
An Amazing Marriage. By G. Meredith. 2 vols. 12s.
Phyllis of Philistia. By F. F. Moore. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montrésor. 3s. 6d.
Red Court Farm. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 2s.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
Sweetheart Travellers. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Twelve Hundred Miles in a Wagon. By Alice Balfour. 16s.
Homes and Haunts of Carlyle. 2s. 6d.
Twenty Years in Khama's Country. By J. D. Hepburn. 6s.
The Teaching of Jesus. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.
Absolute Surrender. By A. Murray. 2s.
The Creed of the Christian. By C. Gore. 1s. 6d.
Stewart (Robert and Louisa). In Life and Death. 3s. 6d.
For His Sake: Elsie Marshall. 2s.
In Veronica's Garden. By Alfred Austin. 9s.
English Lyrics. By Alfred Austin. 3s. 6d.
Mistress Dorothy Marvin. By J. C. Snaith. 6s.
The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. 2s. 6d. and 3s. net.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between January 1 and February 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (D. Appleton & Co.)
4. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Field. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. Arnold's Letters. By Russell. $3.00. (Scribner.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Arnold's Letters. By Russell. $3 00. (Macmillan).
3. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
4. Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. Cheap edition. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
4. Only a Governess. By Oliphant. 50 cts. (Fenno.)
5. Mrs. Tregaskiss. By Campbell Praed. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. The Little Wizard. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Fenno.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Red Cockade. By Weyman. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Little Wizard. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Fenno.)
6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
2. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
3. Red Cockade. By Weyman. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Monk of Fife. By Lang. $1.25. (Longmans.)
5. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. $1.50.. (Stone & Kimball.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Galloping Dick. By Marriott Watson. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Red Cockade. By Weyman. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Social Highwayman. By Train. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)
5. The Little Room. By Wynne. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)
6. Gist of Whist. By Coffin. 75 cts. (Brentano.)

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CLEVELAND, O.

1. Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
2. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Demonstration of a Future Life. Hudson. $1.50 (McClurg.)
4. Money and Banking. By White. $1.50. (Ginn.)
5. Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott)
2. Aftermath. By Allen. $1 00. (Harper.)
3. Trumpet and Drum. By Field. $1.00. (Scribner.)
4. Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)

DES MOINES, IA.

1. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Singular Life. By Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1 50. (Harper.)
4. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Jude the Obscure. By Hardy. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Singular Life. By Mrs. Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Singular Life. By Mrs. Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Matthew Arnold's Letters. 2 vols. $3.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Western Verse. By Field. 2 vols. $2.50. (Scribner.)
6 Empire of Ptolemies. By Mahaffy. $3.50. (Macmillan.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co)
2. Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Jude the Obscure. By Hardy. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Red Men and White. By Wister. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Gentleman Vagabond. By Smith. $1.25. (Houghton.)

PITTSBURGH, PA.

1. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner)
4. Red Cockade. By Weyman. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. A Singular Life. By Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Princess Sonia. By Magruder. $1.25. (Century.)
3. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Amazing Marriage. By Meredith. $2.50. (Scribner.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Upper Room. By Maclaren. 50 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Browning's Complete Works. $3.00. (Houghton.)
4. From Far Formosa. By Mackay. $2.00. (Revell.)
5. Gathering Clouds. By Farrar. $2.00. (Longmans, Green.)

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6. When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. $1.00. (Stone & Kimball.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
3. Gentleman Vagabond. By Smith. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Early Red Houses. By Brown. $2.50. (Preston & Rounds.)
3. Successors to the Title. By Mrs. Walford. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
4. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Red Cockade. By Weyman $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Singular Life. By Mrs. Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. A Wise Woman. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. A Gentleman Vagabond. By Smith. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Monk of Fife. By Lang. $1.25. (Longmans.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Traveller of Altruria. By Howells. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
6. Barabbas. By Corelli. $1.00. (Lippincott.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Red Republic. By Chambers. $1.25. (Putnam.)
4. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. A Whirl Asunder. By Gertrude Atherton. 50 cts. (Stokes.)
6. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
3. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. A Gentleman Vagabond. By Smith. $1.25. (Houghton.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Jude the Obscure. By Hardy. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Poems and Prose Works. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life. By Hudson. $1.50. (McClurg.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. Stories of the Wagner Opera. By Guerber. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Singular Life. By Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. A Social Highwayman. By Train. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)
6. Barabbas. By Corelli. $1.00 (Lippincott.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Jude the Obscure. By Hardy. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
3. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
4. Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life. By Hudson. $1.50. (McClurg.)
6. Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Singular Life. By Mrs. Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Gentleman Vagabond. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Life of Nancy. By Jewett. $1.25. (Houghton.)

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LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

DALE, R. W.—Christ and the Future Life. Narrow 16mo, pp. v–160, 50 cents *net*. Dodd, M.

MCNEIL, ORANGE.—A Jesuit of To-day. 12mo, pp. iv–146, $1.00 ..... Tait

MOULTON, R. G.—Ecclesiasticus. 16mo, pp. xxxiv–207, 50 cents ..... Macmillan

MOXOM, Rev. PHILIP STAFFORD.—The Religion of Hope. 12mo, pp. iii–330, $1.25. Roberts

NICOLL, W. R.—The Seven Words from the Cross. Narrow 16mo, pp. xi–112, 50 cents *net* ..... Dodd, M.

RENAN, ERNEST.—Life of Jesus. 8vo, pp. 481, $2.50. ..... Roberts

WATSON, JOHN.—The Upper Room. Narrow 16mo, pp. vii–128, 50 cents *net*. ... Dodd, M.

WEBB-PEPLOE, H. W.—The Victorious Life. The Post-conference Addresses Delivered at East Northfield, Mass., August 17–25, 1895. 12mo, pp. 208, $1.25 ..... Baker & T.

FICTION.

BROWN, ANNA ROBESON.—The Black Lamb. 12mo, pp. ii–322, $1.25. ..... Lippincott

BURRAGE, H. L.—True to the End: a Story of the Swiss Reformation. 12mo, pp. ii–192, 90 cents ..... Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.

COMPTON, C. G.—Her Own Devices. Small 8vo, pp. iii–243, $1.00 ..... Arnold

DE VOGUE (Vte. E. Melchior).—Russian Portraits. Translated by Elizabeth L. Cary. 32mo, pp. xi–143, 50 cents ..... Putnam

FESTETITS, KATE NEELY.—A Year at Dangerfield. 12mo, pp. 288, $1.25. Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.

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